OCTOBER 19, 1973 60 CENTS

NEW TIMES

The Agnew Open:

Choices for a new Vice-President from people Nixon would never ask

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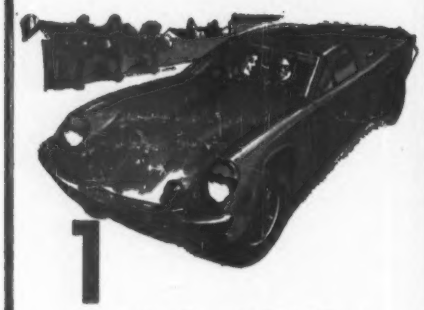
10 VERY MODERN SWEEPSTAKES.

When she asks you to let her drive your car, it's a Lotus.



1

The Lotus Europa Twin-Cam Special, from England. With mid-engine. And the feel of a real racing machine.

Find her a fun fur in a fun city: Copenhagen.

2

Travel and accommodations for two at the D'Angleterre Hotel in Copenhagen for 7 days and $1,000 to buy a fur.

Keep him around by letting him have a superbly comfortable chair.

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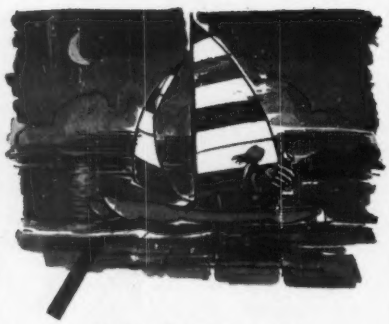
The Eames chair and ottoman from Herman Miller. Probably the world's most comfortable seating arrangement.

When everything's just too much, relax in your personal sauna.

6

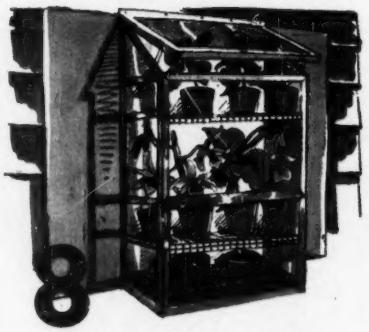
A Cecil Ellis sauna imported from Finland, complete with sauna stove and igneous rocks. 4' X 6' X 6½'.

Take a good crew on a midnight sail.



The Hobie Cat 16. A 16-ft. catamaran, great for two, okay for four. A class boat that can go 25.9 mph.

Start the evening by letting her pick her own orchid.



8

A Lord & Burnham window greenhouse installed and 20 orchid plants to grow in it. Up to 48" X 72".

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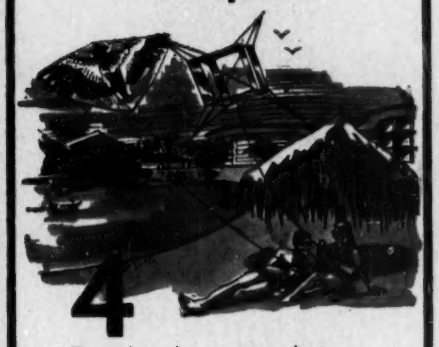
FROM 20 VERY MODERN CIGARETTES.

Go fly a couple of kites on the beach at Acapulco.



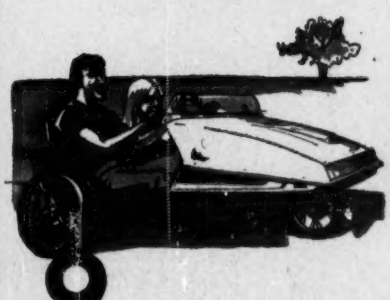
4

Travel and accommodations for two at the Acapulco Princess for 7 days. And two kites to fly in the Mexican sky.

If you want to play the game, you'll have the court.

A 30-week season of weekly hour-long tennis sessions near you. Plus two rackets of your choice.

Beat the gas shortage in a two-person pedal car.



9

A pedal car called a PPV—for People Powered Vehicle. It's noiseless. Non-pollutant. Nice healthful exercise.

Try to keep your cool on a raft down the Colorado.

10

Travel for two to Las Vegas and on to the Colorado River for 5 days camping and shooting the white-water rapids.

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5. **Winners will be selected in random drawings from entries for sweepstakes by National Judging Institute, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Odds of winning will be determined by the number of entries received for each sweepstakes. Winners may be asked to execute an affidavit of release and eligibility. All prizes will be awarded. Only one prize to a family. Liability for taxes is the sole responsibility of the individual winners.**
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The sweepstakes number is _____ and the prize is _____
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

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you've
all wo

58

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NEW TIMES October 19, 1973 Volume 1, Number 1

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Behind The Scenes

Joe McGinniss

Welcome to the first issue of NEW TIMES, and to a relationship with journalists who aren't afraid of surprises. Part of the excitement of putting together this magazine is that you never know what will happen when you unleash hard-working, honest reporters and ask them to bring back the truth—even when that truth flies in the face of everyone's preconceptions. Contributing Editor Marshall Frady, to take an example in this issue, visited Sam Ervin in North Carolina and found that the humble, Bible-quoting country lawyer he so admired on TV was capable of "ponderous vanity" when besieged down home by a gaggle of record promoters. Frady's story shows what happened when Senator Sam made his show biz debut.

Contributing Editor Joe McGinniss, meanwhile, reports on some of the backroom disagreements currently splintering the Watergate Committee. McGinniss, himself, has been in the news lately as the victim of misinformation regarding the methods he used to research *The Selling of the President 1968*, his best-selling book about the '68 Nixon campaign. Seymour Freidin, who simultaneously worked as a reporter and a paid Republican spy in 1971 and 1972, has claimed by way of his own defense that his activities were no different than Joe's. Not so. McGinniss has never been on any political payroll. *Time* Magazine recently wrote that McGinniss was a Republican campaign worker while researching his book. False, too. And White House speechwriter Patrick Buchanan, in testimony before the Watergate Committee, said that McGinniss fobbed himself off as a Nixon aide in order to get material for his book. Wrong, again. Joe never represented himself to anyone as anything but a reporter.

George A. Hirsch

If you think Breakfast of Champions is a cereal...

T.H. White is a decorator color...

...Sybil is a talk show hostess and The Hollow Hills is a new singles' resort...

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The Insider

THE WORD

Warren Beatty ponders 1974

According to Warren Beatty—movie star and supporter of liberal causes—a politician in California has privately conducted a public opinion poll to test a list of well-known names as possible candidates to succeed Governor Ronald Reagan. Beatty claims he saw the results and, yes, his name—Beatty's, that is—was right there on top. Beatty is now thinking about running in 1974. Picture the cast of characters: crusty curmudgeon George Murphy as Senator; smooth Ronald Reagan as Governor; and now Warren Beatty, the young prince Clyde of Bonnie fame as the new hotspur.

Tennis is not the only game Bobby Riggs has been losing. A while before his debacle with Billie Jean King, he lost a backgammon game to a professional gambler with $5,800 riding on it. Riggs said he was a little hard up, could he have some time to scrape up the money? No he could not, the gambler told him, and if he didn't come up with cash the next day both his wrists would be broken. Riggs paid up.

Eddie Egan, the New York narc who parlayed a multi-million dollar heroin bust off the police blotter and into the multi-million dollar movie *The French Connection*, has lost his credibility among a few friends along the way. Says his former police superior on the case, Frank Waters: "Egan never found any heroin or performed any important act in the investigation." But Eddie's still getting mileage out of his story. He moved from New York to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where's he opened a bar called Popeye's Precinct. And with friend Larry Applebaum he has set up a private detective agency called The Lauderdale Connection.

"I may be stupid, but I'm not crazy—a two-time loser's got to get the message sometime," said National Airlines president Bud Maytag a few years back when it was rumored he had secretly married for a third time. But somehow the message eluded him again. Maytag recently flew off to Elko, Nevada, and married one of his stewardesses. While not a full-fledged Fly Me Girl, Eddie Lou "Wisty" Mixon—that is her name—did model a leopard-skin coat in the company's 1971 annual report, and, says one of Ms. Maytag's former colleagues, "Most of us think Wisty is the prettiest stewardess National has."

A middling-sized publishing house reportedly offered Martha Mitchell a million dollars to tell all. She just might need it.

The house that Jack Ruby built—The Carousel Club on Dallas' Commerce Street—is no more. What once was a rough strip joint and go-go bar, where Ruby served as his own bouncer and liked to auction off razors, turkeys and Colt .45's for entertainment, has just been leveled by the city to make way for a parking lot. Ruby sold the club to the city's Police Atheltic League in 1964 in order to pay his lawyers, Melvin Belli and Joe Tonahill. But since 1965 it has been vacant. "The city said it was closing the place because the ceiling was weak," says a Dallas insider. "But now it looks like they're going to tear down the schoolbook depository, too. It seems they want to wipe out all the landmarks of the assassination."

The candidate

At Simon and Schuster, where Eugene McCarthy was hired as an editor to brighten the house image and sign on top writers, the former Minnesota Senator batted little better than .500. Which is not bad for the Great Soo League, where, as he likes to point out, he played baseball. But in the competitive publishing trade, it means back to the bench. After nine months, McCarthy and the publishing house agreed it was best for him to move on. The Simon and Schuster people say he was "charming, friendly and open," helping out the house in a number of ways, but that he didn't bring in one project worth mentioning.

When North Dakota Lt. Gov. Wayne Sanstead was elected last year, one of his constituents sent him an application for food stamps. His job is part time and pays only $2,000 a year so he was eligible. While Sanstead did not take up that offer, he did decide to go back to school this year before his G.I. Bill benefits run out. Already on leave of absence from Minot, N.D. high school, where he is chairman of the social sciences and debate coach, he wants to complete a doctorate in education at the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks. His only problem now is that a special session of the legislature, where he presides over the Senate, will disrupt his class attendance.

The $6,000 dress

"You can't walk in it—it weighs 30 lbs.—and if you try to dance in it, those little beads fall off and splatter all over the place." So says Mrs. Mortimer Solomon, a Westchester matron with 200 Norell dresses in her closets, about the latest Norell number: a sequined evening gown with a $6,000 price tag. Despite her loyalty to the Norell line, Mrs. Solomon passed on the dress this year. "I think $6,000 is a terrible price for a dress," she says. "I won't pay over $4,500."

Advice to a new magazine from a reasonably mature, but still very young one.

Dear New Times,

You couldn't have picked a better time to bring out a new magazine. We ought to know. Redbook's brought out two other highly successful ones—Redbook's Young Mother a few years ago and Redbook's Be Beautiful, this fall.

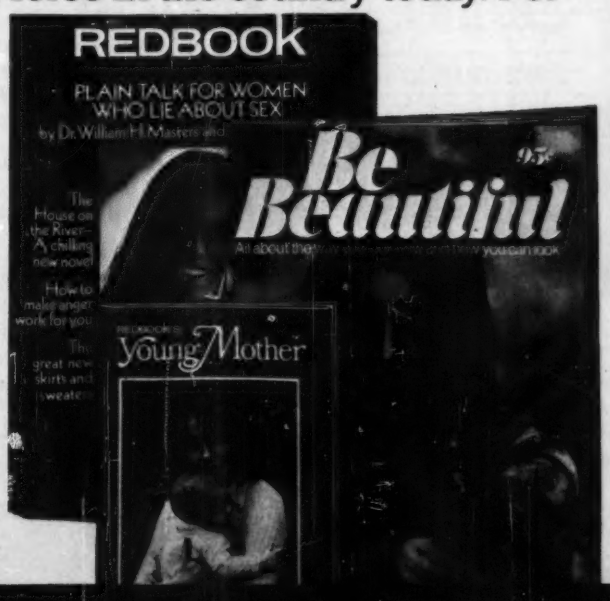
Of course, Redbook itself has been in business since 1903. But like the times themselves, and the women we serve, Redbook has been constantly changing. We're edited strictly for the most exciting, the most explosive market around—young women 18-34. Contemporary women...with changing values, changing attitudes, changing perceptions of themselves.

And that's why we feel it's a good time to bring out New Times. The post-war babies have come of age and are the most dynamic buying force in the country today. For just about any advertiser.

So that's our advice.

Reach the 18-34 market. It's meant success for us. It can mean the same for you.

Sincerely,



LETTERS

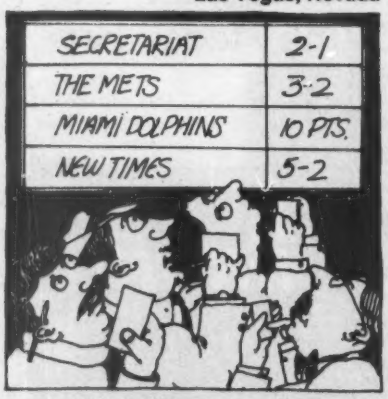
Welcome to the the decisive race of civilization: to find the truth in time. In these new times when government, leaders, opinion makers, the people themselves have become soft on truth, be diamond hard. Truth is the only foundation on which individuals and society can safely build. Pursue it wide open, robustly, without inhibition. Cherish those three qualities of character that Anatole France gives as the reason Lucifer was banished from heaven: liberty, curiosity, and doubt. Be utterly free to ask every question, be driven by insatiable desire to know, be skeptical of even the most obvious fact and basic assumption.

Ramsey Clark
New York, New York

This type of publication has a definite place in the New Journalism. It is in the best tradition of a free society and conforms with the Biblical injunction, "Seek and you shall find."

With the people who are involved, the odds are 5 to 2 you are a winner.

Jimmy the Greek
Las Vegas, Nevada



Although the news magazine field is a highly competitive one, there ever remains a place for new publications which emphasize objectivity in their presentation of news events.

I fear the news media in this country during recent days has severely damaged its credibility through an excessive reliance upon "reliable sources."

A free press is basic to our democratic heritage. In turn, incumbent upon a free press is the responsibility for fundamental fairness in its reporting of news events—factual reporting of events as they actually occur.

John G. Tower
United States Senate

I hope you mean it when you say it's your conviction "that a day on a ghetto stairwell can explain more about innercity life than any six-volume Presidential report." Whether it be a ghetto stairwell or a share-cropper's shack, we hold that to be a self-evident truth. Is there any way we can get the message to Washington?

Julian Bond
Atlanta, Georgia

The first thing you should investigate is the Post Office, to find out why it's costing us so much to get your magazine.

Art Buchwald
Washington, D.C.

How about following the Nader pattern? Pick a few areas, only a few: housing, military spending, tax loopholes as starters. The situation in each of these areas is disgraceful. Investigate from hell to breakfast, and give us the facts.

William Proxmire
United States Senate

Find an editorial staff who never heard of the eight-hour day.

Mrs. Ernest Hemingway
Ketchum, Idaho

Launching a new news magazine is certainly a high-risk effort. But it is also a great adventure, especially in this time when responsible investigative journalists can play such a key role in helping reinvigorate our nation.

I want to wish you every success.

John V. Lindsay
Mayor
The City of New York

What I resent in almost all American magazines is the tendency of most writers to write down to their readers, as if we were all school boys.

I hope your publication will assume that your reader is as cultivated as your writer.

Robert Motherwell
Greenwich, Connecticut

You describe one of your avowed aims as being that of "clobbering sacred cows." This seems to me an admirable purpose, as admirable as your promise to avoid the worst sins of group journalism. If you can clobber the sacred cows with irreverence but also with dignity, let your writers have free reign while avoiding sensationalism, you may escape what I think is your greatest potential danger—that of becoming another expose-oriented scandal sheet so shrill and obvious that no one reads it. I shall pray nightly—or at least biweekly—for your success.

William Styron
Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts

We are reckless in our disregard of the fact that Our Time is a New Time that does not permit the repetition of past follies. There are new rules to live by. Today only "truth" in the service of all can guard life on this globe. Watch out that combat against "Sacred Cows" does not blind the seeker after the "cold hard truth" and the NEW TIMES reader to the "guts of *the* issue."

Helen Gahagan Douglas
Fairlee, Vermont

As one who has been interviewed on occasion by the press, I can understand the sentiments of those more visible in public life than I who complain of being misquoted or misinterpreted as a result of a reporter's prior prejudice. As a practical matter, I would like to suggest that your reporters conduct all their interviews with tape recorders unless the interviewee specifically declines it.

The "creative impressions" of certain writers too often make for "new journalism" at the unnecessary expense of somebody's reputation. But with optimism and good will, I wish you well.

William Friedkin
New York, New York

There are different kinds of writing in America, and one of the most important is magazine writing. Walter Lippmann said that journalism should give man a picture of the world upon which he can act, and magazines do this superbly.

We have a profound need for something which can occupy the territory between the television news and Ken Galbraith's newest book.

Magazine reporting and writing is a high calling, and even more important these days.

John Chancellor
NBC News
New York, New York

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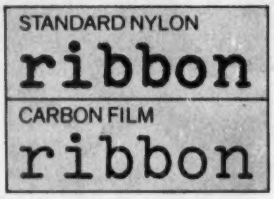

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To Shelley, the bail bondsman, who gets people out from behind bars and keeps me in them.

BY JIMMY BRESLIN

HERE IS SHELLEY CHEVLOWE running across Queens Boulevard. He is running with tremendous knee action. My heart soars as he runs.

I am in the saloon on the corner, looking out the window and watching Shelley run across Queens Boulevard, which is in Queens, where I live. Usually, he sits in his bail bonds office a few doors down from the bar and he looks like he belongs in Schwartz's Funeral Home. Sunken eyes, face grey, chest caved in. Thirty nine years old, he might as well be a hundred.

Now as he runs, he grows bigger with each stride. Shelley Chevlowe was running like this because he was going over to court to bail people out.

He would get money for this.

Money goes directly into Shelley Chevlowe's bloodstream.

Even better, some of the money was coming into my pocket this time.

I spent the last couple of years working on a long fiction book to be called *World Without End, Amen.* While I was at it, I bumped into a literary problem I never knew existed. I do not write as good as I think I do.

The book took a year longer than it should have. I went broke among the adverbs.

After I finished trying to write every day I went down to this bar on Queens Boulevard and had a couple of drinks. Scotch,...The Professor. When I was first around saloons, the old men used to come in from the race track and say, "Give me the Professor." They meant Teacher's.

While I sat in the bar, I waited for Shelley Chevlowe to come up with some money I could borrow.

Writers usually find an old lady in a button sweater and turn her into a patron of the arts. I used a bail bondsman to finance my novel. A bail bondsman is supposed to be an evil line of work. The trouble with a bail bondsman in Queens is that he doesn't get a chance to be evil often enough.

At first, on this one day last February, it looked like all of Queens had become honest, Shelley Chevlowe withered, sat in his office. I was broke in the bar.

At this moment, a team of detectives banged on the door of a house and a woman named Laura answered.

"Bulls!" Laura said.

There was much commotion inside. The detectives said everybody was under arrest on charges of stealing heavy construction equipment.

Out in Laura's backyard there was a yellow bulldozer.

"Where did you get the caterpillar from?" a detective asked Laura.

"Who caterpillar?" Laura said.

"The caterpillar in your backyard."

"So step on it with your shoe," Laura said.

As the 12 people arrested reached court on Queens Boulevard, each voice called out, "Get me ahold of a bail bondsman."

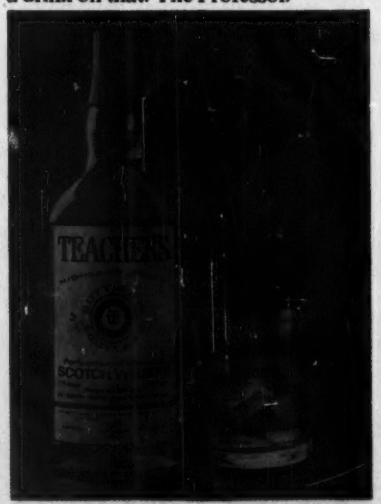
And so late in the day here was Shelley Chevlowe running across to the courthouse.

At the bar, I told Sy the bartender to break out the Professor–the Teacher's.

And then here came Shelley Chevlowe running back from the courthouse, back with the money. He was so tall and so thick that I was afraid he would hurt me as he swept into the saloon.

I could tell he had enough in his pocket to get me through to the end of my book.

When Shelley calmed down, we had a drink on that. The Professor.



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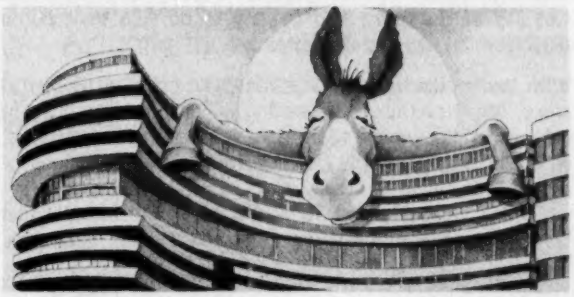
POWER POLITICS

The Insider

Republicans go after a Roosevelt; The Democrats eye 1974; What Nixon could do with the tapes

The staff of the Senate Investigations Committee was taken by surprise when convicted securities dealer Louis Mastriana made headlines last month accusing Elliot Roosevelt of taking part in a plot to kill Bahamian Prime Minister Lynden Pindling in 1968. Although the investigators on the staff knew what Mastriana had to say, they had no intention of letting him say it until they had interviewed Roosevelt. But Republican Senators Gurney (Fla.) and Percy (Ill.), an inside-committee source says, were anxious to embarrass Democrats for a change and pushed the questions prematurely. When Roosevelt gets his chance to rebut Mastriana's testimony, the source adds, he will "cram the Pindling plot charge down the committee's throat." FDR's son is not so stupid as to get involved with such a scheme, the insider says, but Roosevelt will be seriously embarrassed by committee questions on his relationship to dealers in stolen stock certificates.



Democrats in Congress are not worried by their recent setbacks in trying to override President Nixon's vetoes on their programs. Watergate, they feel, has so tarnished the Republican Party that the Democrats should have no trouble getting all the seats they need in the 1974 elections to win most congressional battles. The word is "wait till the next session."

The first indictments in the billion dollar Equity Funding stock scandal are expected to be handed down in the next few weeks. Justice Department investigators have reportedly identified 45 persons who participated in the scheme to boost the company's stock prices through earnings from bogus life insurance policies. Although the scandal was exposed last March, indictments have been held up while grand juries in Washington, D.C., California and Illinois sorted out the offenders and the offenses. Beginning in the first days of October, the word started to come out in Washington that among those expected to be named were Stanley Goldblum, the ex-scrap dealer who became Equity president; Fred Levin, the Equity head of sales once hailed for his quote "creative accounting;" and computer whiz kid Arthur Lewis, who programmed $2.2 billion in phoney policies into Equity's coffers.

In his August 15th speech, President Nixon spoke the following words: "I had prior knowledge of the Watergate break-in. I authorized subordinates to engage in illegal campaign tactics. I took part in the cover-up activities."

Nixon spoke those words, but not in that order or context, although you can hear his confession on tape. Irv Teibel, president of an acoustical research firm in New York, spliced together the tape recording to make the point that the same thing could be done with the White House tapes, that they could be altered to absolve the President of Watergate. "The tape is not meant to be an attack on the Presidency but merely an example of what can be done with tape recordings," Teibel says. "This editing would be almost impossible to detect."

How will the Supreme Court come down in its opinion on President Nixon's secret Watergate tapes? To get a sense of the court on this question—by no means clearly predictable—NEW TIMES Special Contributor Arthur Hadley polled a panel of nine former Supreme Court law clerks, now all famous lawyers themselves. The consensus: The Court will duck the broad issue of presidential power and divide seven to two on more narrow legal grounds in favor of Cox and Sirica, instructing the President to turn over portions of the tapes.

Justice Thurgood Marshall will be for the fullest disclosure. William Rehnquist will be the strongest supporter of the President's right of confidentiality. William Douglas will most likely be for full disclosure, although as Securities and Exchange Commission Chairman in the late '30s, he was himself plagued by leaks. Byron White, a former Deputy Attorney General and close adviser under President Kennedy, might also be swayed on this point, and Potter Stewart is inclined to go with presidential authority, but also wrote a key decision that a newsman had to turn over confidential notes to a grand jury: Of the three other Nixon-appointed justices besides Rehnquist, Blackmun has spoken out against Watergate but is flexible and difficult to predict. Powell has ruled congressional privilege does not apply to criminal activities but, as a long-time attorney, has high respect for lawyer-client confidentiality. Burger could go either way. The panel feels that either Burger, Powell or Blackmun will join Rehnquist to support Nixon.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL NELSON

The Insider **SHOW TIME**

"Reegan" shall return; A porno film upstaged in Cleveland; And the old Dick Van Dyke is back

Frank McCarthy, the man who produced *Patton*, now wants to make a movie about General Douglas MacArthur. Among the actors he's considering casting as the General are Gregory Peck, David Janssen and George C. Scott, who of course played Patton. The only other candidate—and his first choice—is none other than Ronald Reagan. When Reagan let it out that he did not intend to run for re-election next year, McCarthy, an old friend of his, asked the Governor if he'd like to play the part.

Like MacArthur, the Governor replied he would return—to the screen—but like a good politician, he has no public comment for the moment. Maybe we'll have to start pronouncing his name "Reegan" again.

Veteran producer Dore Schary has bought the film rights to a *Harper's* article by Perry Deane Young about the adventures of war photojournalists Sean Flynn and Dana Stone—both listed as missing in action in Cambodia and presumed dead. It may mark the end of Hollywood's reluctance to deal with Vietnam stories. But, like the student turmoil films of the late '60s, it could be the beginning of a long line of tedious moralistic musings on the living-room war.

Liza Minnelli will get the highest fee ever for a one-night stand at a nightclub: $100,000 on New Year's Eve at a Long Island cafe. . . . The Rolling Stones, now on tour in Europe, are thinking about hooking up with The Who for a joint U.S. tour. . . . ABC's Movie of the Week will see less blood and more guts this year. Scheduled so far are TV films about a liberated wife abandoning her husband and children, a story of five single girls involved with married men getting together for a stag New Year's Eve party and an updated version of Wonder Woman. . . . A film about the murder of United Mine Workers leader Joseph Yablonski has just been announced. Budd Schulberg will write the script based on the upcoming book *Death in the Mines* by former Jack Anderson aide Britt Hume. . . . Muhammad Ali will host at least one musical variety show on TV early next year—and if it clicks, maybe a series.

Why do the same actors seem to show up time after time in the TV movies? Because of another magical media testing service called TVQ. Like the Nielsen ratings, it polls viewers, asking them to rate their favorite television performers on a scale from 1 to 500—and as a result, naturally, familiar faces become even more familiar. The top 17 on last month's TVQ ratings: John Wayne; Peter Falk; James Stewart and Robert Young (tied for third place); Carroll O'Connor; Jean Stapleton and Redd Foxx (tied for fifth); Mike Connors; Jacques Cousteau (!!); Charlton Heston and Brian Keith (tied for eighth); Paul Lynde; Mary Tyler Moore and Jack Lord (tied for 10th); and Cleavon Little and George C. Scott (tied for 11th place).

The beginning of a normal day at the Love Centre Cinema in Cleveland. The noon porno billing had just been rolled and lunchtime businessmen were settling into their seats. Suddenly a college student and two women dashed down the aisle clad in multi-colored sheets. Climbing up on the stage, the trio disrobed and improvised an imaginative variety of sexual acts—drawing loud applause from the audience. The Cleveland vice squad happened to be taking in the show as part of an anti-smut campaign and, after viewing two encores, collared all three. Protested the house manager: "I never saw these S.O.B. weirdies before and I had nothing to do with their porno exhibition." He was booked anyway.

With the reputations of Dick Van Dyke and Carl Reiner at stake, "The New Dick Van Dyke Show" has moved its setting to Hollywood after two dry years in the Arizona desert. Van Dyke, as a Phoenix talk show host, failed to generate laughs or ratings. "The first Van Dyke show—with Mary Tyler Moore—worked because it had a New York-Jewish feel," explains one TV sitcom writer, "but when they moved west, it became

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT PRYOR

Waspy and dull." In the new, third version, Van Dyke's talk show has been cancelled and he has moved to L.A. to play second lead in a daytime soap. Reiner has taken over full-time producing chores and Barry Gordon, best known as Jason Robards' son in *A Thousand Clowns*, has joined the cast in the role of a comedy writer—which was, of course, the role Van Dyke himself played in the old, old Dick Van Dyke Show.

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Phil Tracy does a hatchet job on special state prosecutor Nadjari. Mary Nichols comes right back and dumps on Phil Tracy.

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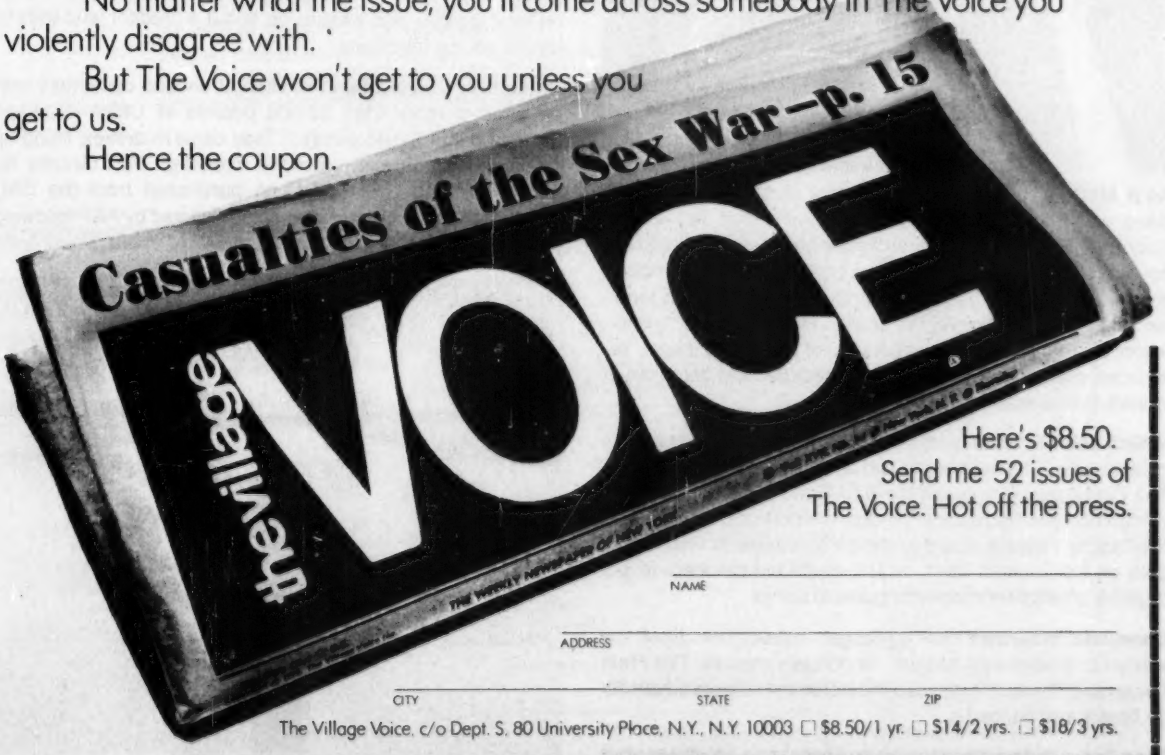

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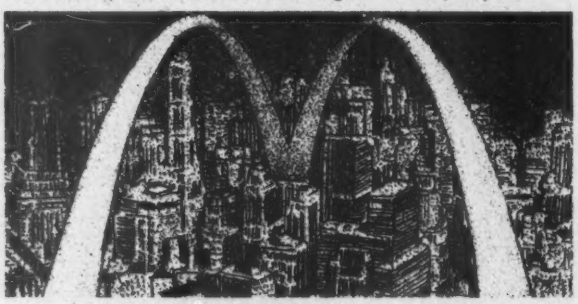
The Insider

CONSUMER ACTION

A shopper's guide to banks
Creeping McDonaldization
A new milestone for flower power

For openers, the newly created Consumer Product Safety Commission banned aerosol adhesive sprays as an imminent hazard, linking them to chromosome breakage and resulting multiple-birth defects. Which was not bad for a brand-new regulatory agency, opposed since its conception by President Nixon. Now, the Commission is pondering the banning of cigarettes, and considerable protest, led by the Tobacco Institute and tobacco-belt Congressmen, has welled up against the Commission for even mentioning the idea. "Vinegar Bend" Mizell, the colorful ex-baseball player and Congressman from North Carolina, labeled the Commission proposal an "audacious bureaucratic, empire-building scheme." Sam Ervin accused the commission of going beyond its powers granted by Congress. And indeed, by statute, tobacco *was* specifically excluded from the regulatory purview of the commission. But the commissioners, in a move that is being judged as courageous but perhaps tactically foolish, decided to invoke a hazardous-product law to take on cigarettes, anyway.



As if McDonald's didn't already have enough trouble. First there was a widely publicized complaint that its Nassau County, N.Y., outlets were shortweighting the Big Mac quarter-pounders. Now it must cope with a coalition of San Francisco organizations who are equating McDonaldization with a terminal social disease. Among the coalition's complaints: "exploitation of youth labor, wasteful use of dwindling paper resources, plastic and repetitious architecture, and decrease of individual character of neighborhoods."

Which bank in town is offering the best mortgage deal? The best car loan? It's not easy to find answers to these questions. The Consumers Union and the San Francisco Consumer Action group have filed a joint Freedom of Information suit against the Federal Reserve Board to force it to release its voluminous data on banks' loan rates, which would enable them to put together a definitive shopper's guide to banks.

Cleveland mourners can no longer instruct friends of the family to "please omit flowers" in obituary notices. The *Plain Dealer* and *Press* both decided the statement reflects adversely on florists and banned it.

For a fee, just about anyone (in business) can scrutinize your credit report—except you. Under the two-year-old Fair Credit Reporting Act, an individual is entitled to know only what the credit bureau considers relevant from his dossier. This may change. The Federal Trade Commission has recommended a new law that would allow anyone to inspect or copy his file.

Ohio passed a new law requiring any eating place using a microwave oven to post a warning notice for people who have heart pacemakers. Such ovens can cause the delicate pacemaking apparatus to malfunction.

A minute before takeoff, suitcases in each hand, a businessman huffs up to the desk at Gate 41 (naturally the last in the terminal), sweating and out of breath. "Sorry, sir," the clerk tells him politely, "all the seats are taken." It doesn't matter that the man has an important appointment to make or even that he has confirmed his reservation. The airline over-booked the flight and he would seem to be out of luck. Not altogether. If the airline doesn't get him another flight within two hours, it must reimburse him the cost of the ticket immediately, and in some cases he can get double his money back. A public service advertising group called Public Communications Inc. makes it its business to get little-known facts like this one across to the public. Other PCI tips: how to save money on prescription drugs, the dangers in consuming too much sugar, information on food stamps, and what to do about a creditor who tries to harass you by telephone.

Pittsburgh's New Diamond Market enticed customers with an offer of more than 50,000 pounds of USDA-inspected choice beef at "1945 prices." They came in droves, lining up as early as three a.m. Later the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette* reported that the beef had been purchased from the B&O Railroad at a salvage sale after being rejected by A&P following a breakdown of the refrigerator car.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EO SOYKA

How to save $6.00 and your sense of humor about what's going on in America today.

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If President Nixon is kicked out of office, will he be eligible to collect unemployment insurance?

The answer, according to a gentleman in the Washington, D.C. Unemployment Bureau who prefers to remain nameless, is that Mr. Nixon would be disqualified for 10 weeks but then, for 24 weeks, he could collect $110 a week.

But the real question is, who would have the audacity to ask that question in the first place?

NEW TIMES Magazine, that's who. A brand new news magazine that's going to be, we can assure you, like nothing you've ever read.

First of all, there's our editorial policy. It's a two-word policy: Nothing's sacred. No individual. No institution. We told our prospective writers not to worry about who they might offend, just to go ahead and turn out the kind of magazine they've always said they've love to write for.

With an offer like that, there weren't many writers who could refuse. As a result, in NEW TIMES you'll be reading the best group of writers ever gathered in one magazine at one time.

Jimmy Breslin, Joe McGinniss, Mike Royko, Sara Davidson, Larry L. King, Studs Terkel, Nicholas von Hoffman, Murray Kempton, Dick Schaap, Nora Sayre, J. Anthony Lukas, Thomas Thompson, Joan Barthel, Marshall Frady, Brock Brower, F. Reid Buckley.

Those are the names, the brightest stars in American journalism. They've written the bestsellers, they've won the Pulitzer Prizes, they're the best reporters and writers around.

There are also more than 100 other writers from all around the country on the NEW TIMES staff. They're young. You haven't heard of them. Yet. You will.

NEW TIMES will be published every other week. Which means we won't cover the news in the traditional way; we won't summarize it or review it. Our writers will dig up new news. And present it to you in words that are unexpected, revealing, full of insight. And irreverent.

For example, our look at the President as a potential candidate for unemployment. Or Texan Larry L. King's inside look at Texan John Connally: "Connally didn't smoke but he carried a cigarette lighter. He'd offer a light only to somebody who was very, very rich."

We'll cover whatever we know will interest you—politics, sports, consumerism, business, crime and the mob, labor, personalities, show business, art, architecture, science, medicine, daily living. There will be special newsletters that, in themselves, will be worth the price of admission.

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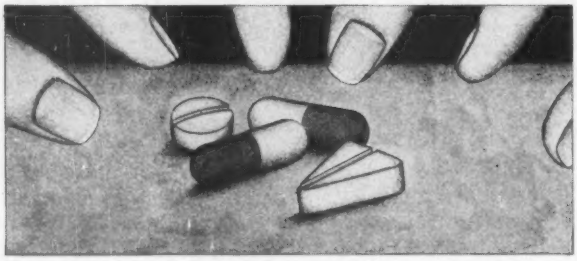
THE AMERICAN DREAM

The Insider

Youth scenes around the country: Pill-popping blues—reds and yellows; Beer 'n' bike relay at Rice



Downs Report: Red birds, yellows, blue heavens, dummies, sopors or downs—call them what you will—they are becoming the most dangerous and heavily popped pills in the country. Citing an 18-month nationwide survey that reported methaqualone had contributed to at least 145 suicides and 906 overdoses, the Food and Drug Administration has put methaqualone—known as the love drug on the street—in the same category as cocaine. Unlike hard drugs and marijuana, downers are legally prescribed by doctors and sold at drug stores. In the first six months of this year, the *Narcotics Control Digest* reports wholesale sales of Valium and Librium alone totaled $132 million nationally. During the same period, 39.6 million prescriptions for those two drugs were written around the nation. To get a sense of how widespread the use of downers is—on the street and on campuses—NEW TIMES correspondents filed these reports:

Louisville, Ky.—On a dramatic increase, but not yet an epidemic. Used mostly in high school—white, affluent high schools where kids can get them on their parents' prescriptions. Quaaludes the most abused drug.

Yale University, New Haven, Conn.—It's like beer drinking in the 50's and 60's. A lot of peer group pressure to do it.

Coal City, Ill.—35,000 amphetamines and barbituates stolen from a local doctors office.

Memphis, Tenn.—Quaaludes on the rise. All other drug supplies have dried up: "There ain't no shit out there, man," said one addict. "The only way anybody is scoring is by rippin' off a drug store." Police report more than 40 pharmacy holdups this year compared to less than 10 last year.

Fayetteville, Ark.—Here, at the home of the University of Arkansas, alcohol is number one, grass is number two and downers are coming on strong as number three in the highs market. In high school, there is a 13 percent use of barbituates. In junior high schools it falls off to only 11 percent.

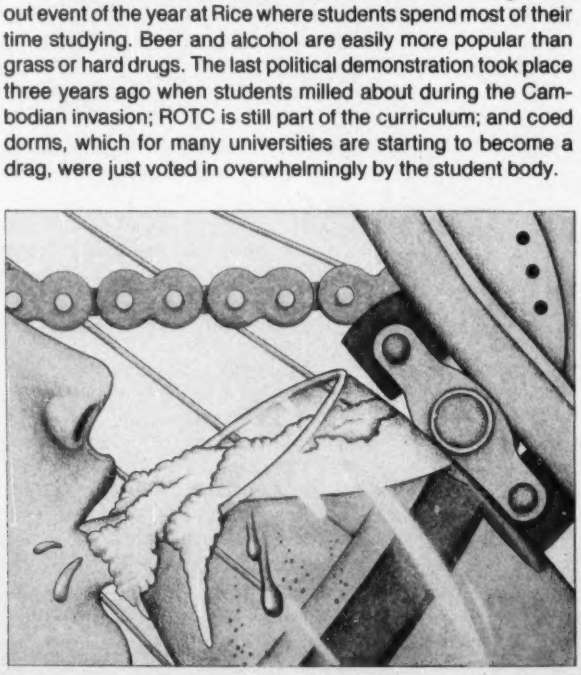
St. Joseph Hospital, Joliet, Ill.—In the last six months, 30 admissions for opiates, hypnotics, sedatives and tranquilizers.

Baltimore, Md.—A methadone program director reports that a 70-year-old doctor hangs out in front of his building, writing up prescriptions for downs at $3 a shot. An ex-junkie who is now an alcoholic tells how he threw a bag full of red birds (seconals) at police as they tried to arrest him once in 1959: "The narcs thought I was throwing vitamins at them. They didn't know what they were. But it's sure changed since then, hasn't it?"

"Video has been 'boiling on the back burner' as a major campus activity for two years," says John Friede, president of the Video Tape Network. Friede's company, which distributes special video cassette programming to 235 colleges in the United States and Canada, also happens to have been in operation for two years. But no doubt the video freak population on campuses *is* growing. Last year VTN's free rock concert series reached between one to two million students. For a price, campus organizations rent individual programs or subscribe to programming packages, such as a series of NBC News specials. The video cassettes are televised through a closed-circuit system of TV monitors placed in "high traffic areas" such as the student union or cafeteria. One of the most popular "camp" programs rented through VTN on campus: "Reefer Madness," the public service documentary made in the 1930 s purporting to show the evil effects of getting stoned.

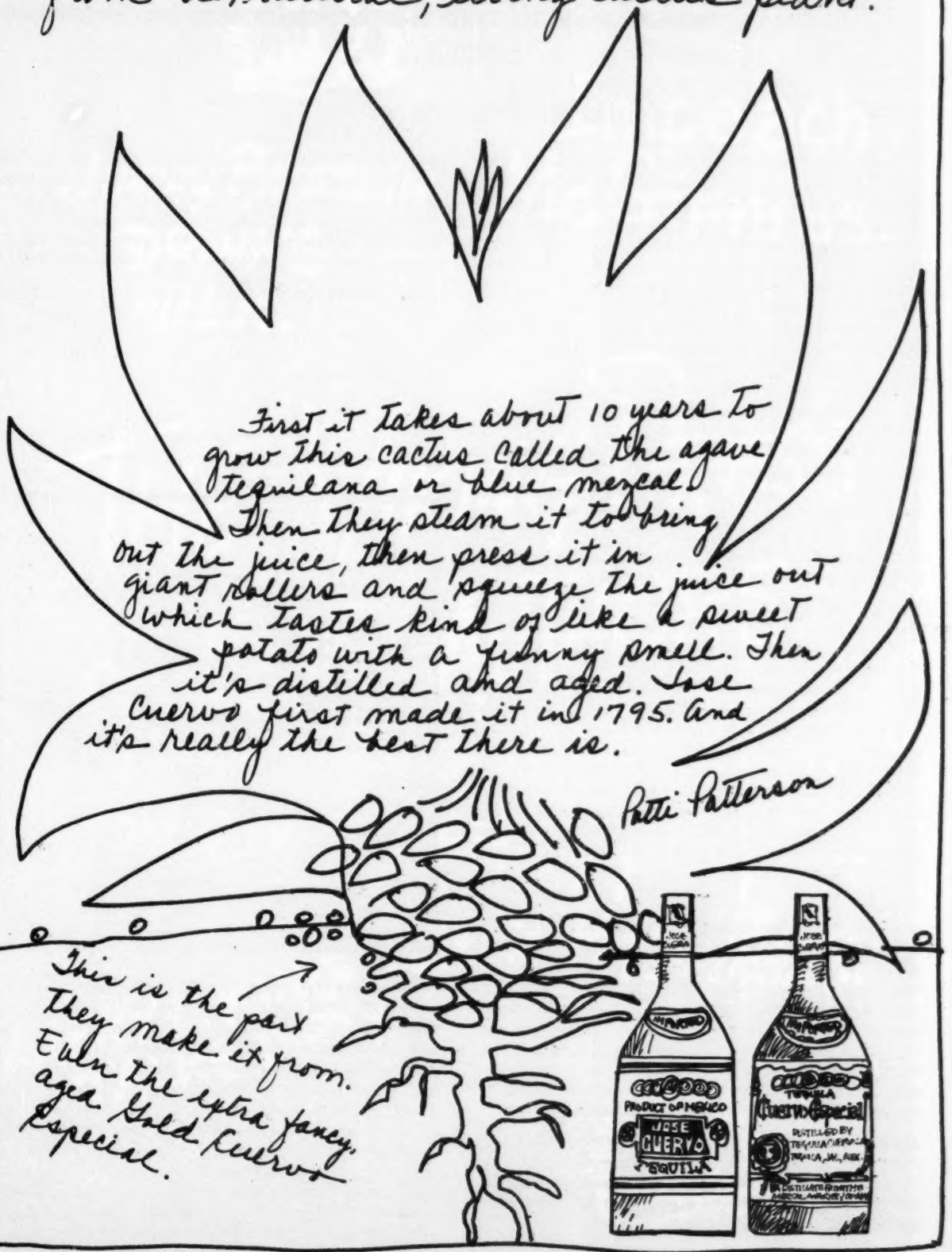
A husky jock, wearing the inevitable No. 69 on the back of his football jersey, quickly cracks open a "tall boy" and presses it to his lips. The crowd roars its approval: "Suck! Suck! Suck!" He gulps down the beer triumphantly, holds the can upside down to show it's empty, then his partner peddles furiously twice around the stadium parking lot on his bicycle. Whereupon another guzzler-rider team in Houston's Rice University annual bike 'n' beer relay repeats the performance.

A scene out of the 1950's perhaps, but it is still the big blowout event of the year at Rice where students spend most of their time studying. Beer and alcohol are easily more popular than grass or hard drugs. The last political demonstration took place three years ago when students milled about during the Cambodian invasion; ROTC is still part of the curriculum; and coed dorms, which for many universities are starting to become a drag, were just voted in overwhelmingly by the student body.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUG GERVASI

How they make a drink called tequila from a natural, living cactus plant.


First it takes about 10 years to grow this cactus called the agave tequilana or blue mezcal. Then they steam it to bring out the juice, then press it in giant rollers and squeeze the juice out which tastes kind of like a sweet potato with a funny smell. Then it's distilled and aged. Jose Cuervo first made it in 1795. And it's really the best there is.
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OFF THE RECORD

The Insider

Ehrlichman's grandfather; The Agnew Leaks; Late verdict on Watergate coverage

"I don't know of a trickier area in journalism, unless it's a man's sex life," says Tom Buckley of *The New York Times Magazine*, referring to how the media should handle a subject such as John Ehrlichman's Jewish ancestry. In Seattle, where Ehrlichman has retreated into seclusion, the *Post Intelligencer* first printed the story that his "pioneer grandfather attended the Bikur Cholim Synagogue." "It was mentioned in a passing paragraph deep down in a close-up on Ehrlichman," says the *P.I.* managing editor Jack Doughty. "But he's a Christian Scientist and my opinion is that it doesn't make a bit of difference what his grandfather was." The *New York Post* picked up the detail and questioned Ehrlichman about it during the days he testified at the Watergate hearings. Ehrlichman strongly denied it, and threatened to sue if the reporter printed the fact. The *Post* did print it—"a detail in a page profile," says the newspaper's city editor Warren Hoge. "It is standard that we account for a guy's background in a piece like that." Adds the *Washington Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee, "Obviously we knew about it, but I never heard it got into print. I don't think it's a story. He's a Christian Scientist and whether he would pass some Hitlerian test or not is not very germane."

Despite the Pulitzer prizes and self congratulation, not everyone thinks the press did such a fine job on Watergate. Charles Peters, editor of *Washington Monthly*, and Edward Jay Epstein (*Inquest*) have already weighed in with the verdict that the press got the credit by a fluke. *The New York Times, Columbia Journalism Review* and New York's WNET Behind the Lines all have similar judgments in the works. But at least Watergate has prompted CBS and ABC to staff up for more investigative work: Stanhope Gould heads a special unit at CBS to produce mini-reports for the Cronkite news (one of the first will be an investigation into the CBS Records Division scandal). And at ABC, ex-nightly news Executive Producer Av Westin has been given a big budget and a rock-the-boat mandate to do blockbuster documentaries.

The man who's been coming up with many of those "leaks" about Agnew is *Time Magazine* investigative reporter Sandy Smith, formerly of *Life* and the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Smith joined *Time* several years ago and, until Watergate, had been frustrated by the newsmagazine's inability to use much of the material he gathered from his excellent law enforcement sources. Watergate changed all that and *Time* has been running story after story attributed to unnamed Justice Department officials. Smith is so concerned about protecting his anonymity that he refused to pose with a group of other *Time* staffers for the magazine's Publisher's letter.

Jay McMullen, who made "Biography of a Bookie" for CBS, is doing the final editing on a new documentary about the board chairman of a major oil company. CBS newsmen who have seen the rough cut are more excited by it than by anything since Peter Davis' "Selling of the Pentagon."

A consumer test coordinated by *Media & Consumer* magazine sent reporters from the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, the *Louisville Courier Journal* and the *Minneapolis Star*, among other newspapers, to check out the meat section of their local supermarkets on Oct. 3. The findings, to be published in early November, are expected to set off wide protests over unsanitary conditions in the hidden butcher rooms.

Clay T. Whitehead, the White House TV czar who attacked Public TV for too much public affairs programming, accused network news of too much bias and most recently suggested TV could use a new network, will be leaving the Office of Telecommunications before January. At the Senate hearings on Public TV, John O. Pastore laid into Whitehead for undermining public television. Now Congress is slicing up the OTC's budget ($3.2 million last year) and, like many Nixon appointees before him, Whitehead no longer feels at home.

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL SLAGTER

No one says the *New York Daily News* hasn't run some winning headlines in its time—although the *New York Post* has been running a close second with such stoppers as "Nixon Bugged Himself" and then "Nixon Bugged his Brother"—but now the claim is that the *News* is the best written newspaper. At least so say such high-brow, seemingly New York *Times*-types as George Plimpton and Truman Capote, who were each paid $5,000 to flack the *News* in its latest self-promotion advertising campaign. Former *Times*man Gay Talese considered the offer but like Bruce Jay Friedman (*Mothers Kisses, Scuba Duba*) finally turned it down. Latest convert to the *News*: Ayn Rand. Meanwhile *The New York Times* has been promoting itself with a low-brow campaign. Guess who likes to spend a couple of hours with the *Times* every morning? Buddy Hackett.

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THE NEW TIMES GUIDE TO THE

arts

At the movies

American Graffiti. The time is 1962, the place a medium-sized town in northern California. A graduating group of high-school friends stays up all night to race their cars, make out, cruise, dance, fight, drink and say good-byes. In George Lucas' film—the best American movie of the year so far—the last gasp of an era is frozen, literally and figuratively, in time and space. (A year later an assassination, a war and a long-haired British rock group would rip apart this world of grease, complacency and virtue.) While the period details are all perfect, what moves this movie beyond nostalgia is its compassion for the characters and its feel for a society closed off from reality by innocence, provincialism and a late summer night.

Bang the Drum Slowly. A confused adaptation of the Mark Harris '50s baseball novel about a dying catcher and a pitcher who is his best friend. Director John Hancock never gets a real hold on the clubhouse milieu or the story and likes to substitute slow-motion "lyricism" for a close-up look at the characters and their sorrow. Phil Foster and Selma Diamond show up to do some pointless Borscht Belt *shtick,* but Robert De Niro, as the dumb but kind catcher, and Vincent Gardenia, a great character actor here cast as an eccentric baseball manager, make up for a lot.

Blume in Love. Romance and infidelity in southern California, as seen by director-screenwriter Paul Mazursky. Although the ending is too pat, this is a moving and original comedy about an idiosyncratic brand of American neurosis. George Segal, who stars, is undoubtedly the foremost representative of upper-middle-class angst on the screen today.

Cops and Robbers. Two cops pull a $10-million heist in this peculiar caper picture. The suspense isn't unbearable and director Aram Avakian's stately shooting style is often at odds with the New Yorkese humor of Donald Westlake's script. But when it all clicks—as in one sequence involving Shepperd Strudwick as a Wall Street banker held captive in his own antiseptic office—the movie presents an ingenuous portrait of '70s defeatism. Joe Bologna and Cliff Gorman are fine and likeable as the much put-upon heroes.

Dillinger. Screenwriter John Milius (*Judge Roy Bean, Jeremiah Johnson*) turns director and rips off everything in sight to come up with a pretentious rehash of a familiar crime saga. At times he follows *Bonnie and Clyde* so closely one roots for Warren Beatty to appear and machine-gun these impostors. But Milius can't even borrow well; it's like painting by numbers. Warren Oates, Ben Johnson and Cloris Leachman have rarely been seen to less advantage.

Electra Glide in Blue. Transcendental double-talk, a murder mystery, leather-and-cycle sadism and abundant references to the films of Ford, Antonioni,

Paul Le Mat cruising in American Graffiti: *last gasp of an era.*

Peter Watkins and Dennis Hopper come together to no particular end in this excessive exercise in ego-gratification by director-composer James William Guercio. On occasion star Robert Blake rises above the dreck.

Heavy Traffic. Ralph Bakshi's animated, surreal view of a lonely underground New York populated by society's outs. Bakshi would like to offend everyone, but he's a hyped-up square at heart. The settings—sometimes drawn around '50s footage of Manhattan—provide a mysterious and eerie backdrop for the goings-on.

Hit! The exposition of Sidney J. Furie's smash-the-smack-ring adventure is so long-winded that by the time the climax rolls around, it's hard to recall who is being "hit" and why. Richard Pryor gets his laughs, but hero Billy Dee Williams seems determined to replace Poitier as everybody's favorite black saint.

Gordon's War. Ossie Davis squanders a decent premise (blacks return from 'Nam to Harlem and go to war against the pushers) and a good actor (Paul Winfield) in this inept action movie.

The Grande Bouffe. Four friends eat themselves to death in this gross comedy directed by Marco Ferreri. Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi and especially Phillippe Noiret do upstage the fabulous Fauchon feast, but food-as-sex has been done with more wit by Tony Richardson in films like *Tom Jones* and *The Loved One*.

Jeremy. A sensitive, cello-playing Jewish high school sophomore falls in love with a Waspy ballerina junior in this sloshy Arthur Barron picture. Everyone in the film is so damn good and wise that the closest we get to evil is a brief sequence in which some tipsy adults are caught playing—gasp—Monopoly. While the movie pretends to be about love and growing up, it's really about the joys of being young, gifted and rich on the Upper East Side. As such, the film has more in common with Kay Thompson's *Eloise* books and George Roy Hill's *World of Henry Orient* than with J.D. Salinger. Nothing wrong in that, but the fun in *Jeremy* is spoiled by the righteous humorlessness of it all.

The Last American Hero. Inspired by Tom Wolfe's Junior Johnson tales, director Lamont Johnson has come up with a stunning picture of the fringe society of stock car racing. It's a movie about loneliness and dignity as they appear in the most unlikely of circumstances. An exceptional cast includes Jeff Bridges as Junior, Art Lund as his bootlegging father, Geraldine Fitzgerald as his long-suffering mother and Valerie Perrine as a Middle American groupie.

The Naked Ape. Someone has got to be kidding. The worst setback for evolution since the Scopes trial.

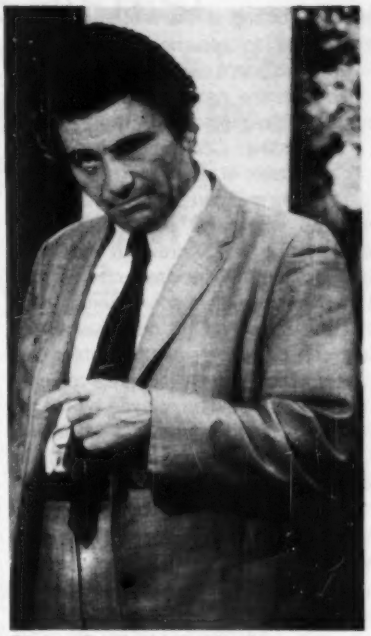
Night Watch. Elizabeth Taylor is irresistibly Elizabeth Taylor in this harmless, if lethargic, Gothic thriller. With this film and his last (*X,Y and Zee*), Brian G. Hutton is single-handedly keeping old-fashioned "women's" pulp fiction alive in the movies.

O Lucky Man! Has enough humor, good acting, intelligence and charm for a dozen less ambitious films. But director Lindsay Anderson (*If . . .*) and screenwriter David Sherwin strive for an epic and come up with a revue: too many irrelevant gags and tricks defeat their Brechtian tale of a young man's efforts to make it in capitalist England. Inconclusive socio-political comment, but a hell of a lot of fun along the way. Malcolm McDowell and nearly every top British character actor make up the cast. Alan Price, who wrote the song interludes, is not to be confused with Kurt Weill—though some may well mistake him for Paul McCartney.

On television

Get Columbo. Sunday has never been a night of rest on American Television. My first recollection of the term, "ratings battle," is connected to Sunday's 8 p.m. war when young Steve Allen, TV's first button-down bohemian, employed a style of relentless quick jabbing wit, which, for a few mid-'50s seasons, actually challenged the despotic supremacy of Ed Sullivan. Sullivan's whole-wheat-toast-of-the-town durability survived while Allen regretfully drifted off into various forms of impotent syndication.

In the '60s, Sullivan maintained a status of *emperor emeritus*, but Ben Cartwright and his sons emerged as the royalist family of Sunday night. Although they didn't ride onto the video range until a minute after Ed had beseeched his audience to drive home safely, the men of the Ponderosa reached more potential Chevy owners during the nine-10 slot than any pro



Bloody Sunday's top sleuth: Peter Falk as Columbo

gram which had come before it. They sent CBS's Perry Mason into a limbo of reruns, and it was not until the end of the decade that ABC's Sunday Night Movie scared the cattle off to a different time slot.

By that time, the relentless pursuit by Lt. Erskine of the F.B.I. had put the proprietor of the Ed Sullivan Theater out of business, and as the current season opens, Erskine is still a big wheel. But Erskine's bosses now see him as an advance man, an audience-drawing barker with a badge, who can hopefully woo the watchers toward the ABC Movie which must go head to head against the new *número uno*, an unlikely Sunday night top guy named Columbo who doesn't even show up on two out of three weeks. He's the man to get now, and a glance at the new fall lineups promises record bloodshed for the proliferated Sunday Night Wars.

There are 29 crime shows on the prime-time schedule and the Sabbath has seven of them surrounding one movie and the Wonderful World of Disney. Last January, the people at CBS realized that only the other stations were laughing at the three sit-coms they had vying for attention against NBC's syndicate of sleuths (Columbo, McCloud, McMillan and Wife, and designated pinch cowboy Hec Ramsey). So CBS dumped two comedies and introduced Buddy Ebsen as Barnaby Jones, a retired homespun private eye who offers mints to cigarette smokers. Barn-

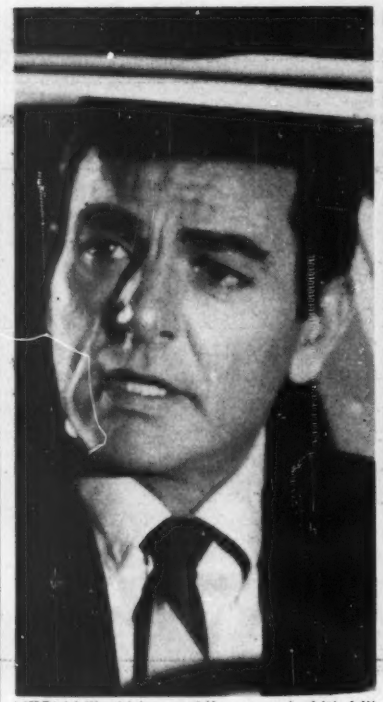
aby (according to the first script) was compelled to resume his career to avenge his son's death and (in accordance with the network strategy) help snuff out Columbo.

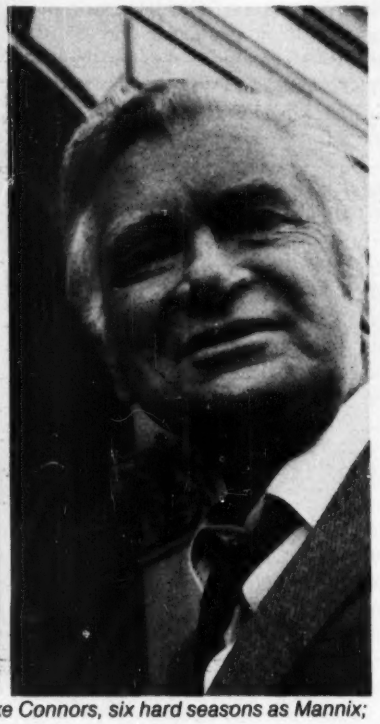
Another CBS private eye, Mannix, a veteran of six seasons of weekly car chases and gun battles, was moved to 8:30 where he could start even against the NBC crew, a half-hour ahead of the ABC movies, and hopefully turn over his audience to Ebsen at 9:30. For this season, CBS has crushed its last can of Sunday night laughter, replacing Dick Van Dyke with a reincarnate of Perry Mason, played by Monte Markham, pitted against Lt. Erskine and Disney as a prelude to Mannix and Barnaby Jones.

Switching dials on any given Sunday night, all red blooded American videots can delight in the prospect of witnessing at least one violent murder per half hour. All three networks are operating under the assumption that the public wants to take death as a nightcap to its weekly holiday, and the only question remaining is: Who will it want to see on the case? At 8:22, will more viewers be waiting for the FBI's nearly apprehended fugitive from justice to make that inevitable last ditch effort to escape across the border, or will they be waiting to see which suspicious face will fall from the witness chair screaming, "YES! I killed him and I'm proud of it," exonerating Perry Mason's client? Then, would they rather follow GI Joe Mannix burning rubber until he has his prey in range for a bloody beating, or Matt Dillon's former deputy out-slicking L.A.'s slickest without ever denting his Stetson? Is watching Rock Hudson and the very talented Susan St. James worth missing the former Jed Clampett get rough? CBS promises a more physical Barnaby this season. And most important, is anything worth missing Detective Falkumbo stuttering, "Eh, I really hope you don't mind me asking all these questions, but eh, ya see, there's something about this case that's just too confusing for my mind to figure out. Know what I mean?"

ABC gambled that some American viewers already get enough real violence in their own homes to want something else fed to them through the tube, so they attacked Columbo's season opener with Barbra Streisand's Funny Girl. Their following two offerings, however, were Burt Reynolds in *Fuzz* and Clint Eastwood in *Hang 'Em High*. If Ed Sullivan ever wants to reenter the Sunday night wars he'll have to pack his audience with celebrities willing to stand up, take a bow and be shot.

—Stuart Werbin





YES! I killed him and I'm proud of it!: Mike Connors, six hard seasons as Mannix; Buddy Ebsen, low-keyed, as Barnaby Jones

In books

A Fairy Tale of New York *by J.P. Donleavy* (Delacorte, 341 pp., $8.95). *The Ginger Man* man is back in form: antic, frantic, manic. Indeed, the pioneer black-humorist is still into his curious style: He writes. A lot. Like this. Thus: Cornelius Christian. American. Non-college graduate. Foster child. Comes to New York on a boat from England. His wife dies. Bad taste. To do that. On a boat. Cornelius owes money. To the shipping company. To the mortician. Must pay back. Things don't go well for Cornelius in the big rich grey loveless ruthless city, but with surreal zaniness and a rather fibrous whimsy, he perseveres. Somehow, very *deja vu*.

Wilt: Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door *by Wilt Chamberlain and David Shaw* (Macmillan, 310 pp., $6.95). The Big Dipper, as he likes to be called (call him Stilt to his face and he may stuff you), leads the league in paranoia, too, as it turns out in this autobiography of an athletic immortal. He wins a measure of empathy as he speaks out against being thought a freak, a Superjock who's supposed to do it all every time out, and A Loser because he's so naturally gifted fans expect his team to win the title every season. But Wilt's bitching is endless, and coupled with his conspicuous consumption (a million-dollar house, a $30,000 Bentley, $3,000 antelope suits), conspicuous womanizing (he likes them pretty, leggy and biracial), and conspicuous candor (digs at Bill Russell, Jerry West, Elgin Baylor, Kareem Abdul Jabbar, Gail Goodrich *et al.*, the lowdown on his low-down coaches, how he copes with owners), basketball's Main Man emerges as an honest, courageous, sexist, spendthrift, throughly vulnerable human being. Too little here about how the pro game really works, too much patting on his own large back.

The Go-Go Years *by John Brooks* (Weybright & Talley, 375 pp., $10). Wall Street rocketed into the stratosphere in the '60s, and financial chronicler Brooks here charts the trajectory in crisp, well-turned prose and with not a little drama. A whole new crowd of fiscal buccaneers—upstarts named Tsai and Ling and Bludhorn and Cornfeld—battled and bullied their way into corporate board rooms and played the stock market for all they were worth to build empires. It all burst in a $300 billion splat in 1970. Brook's account of this roller coaster is perceptive instant history that not only exceeds but excels.

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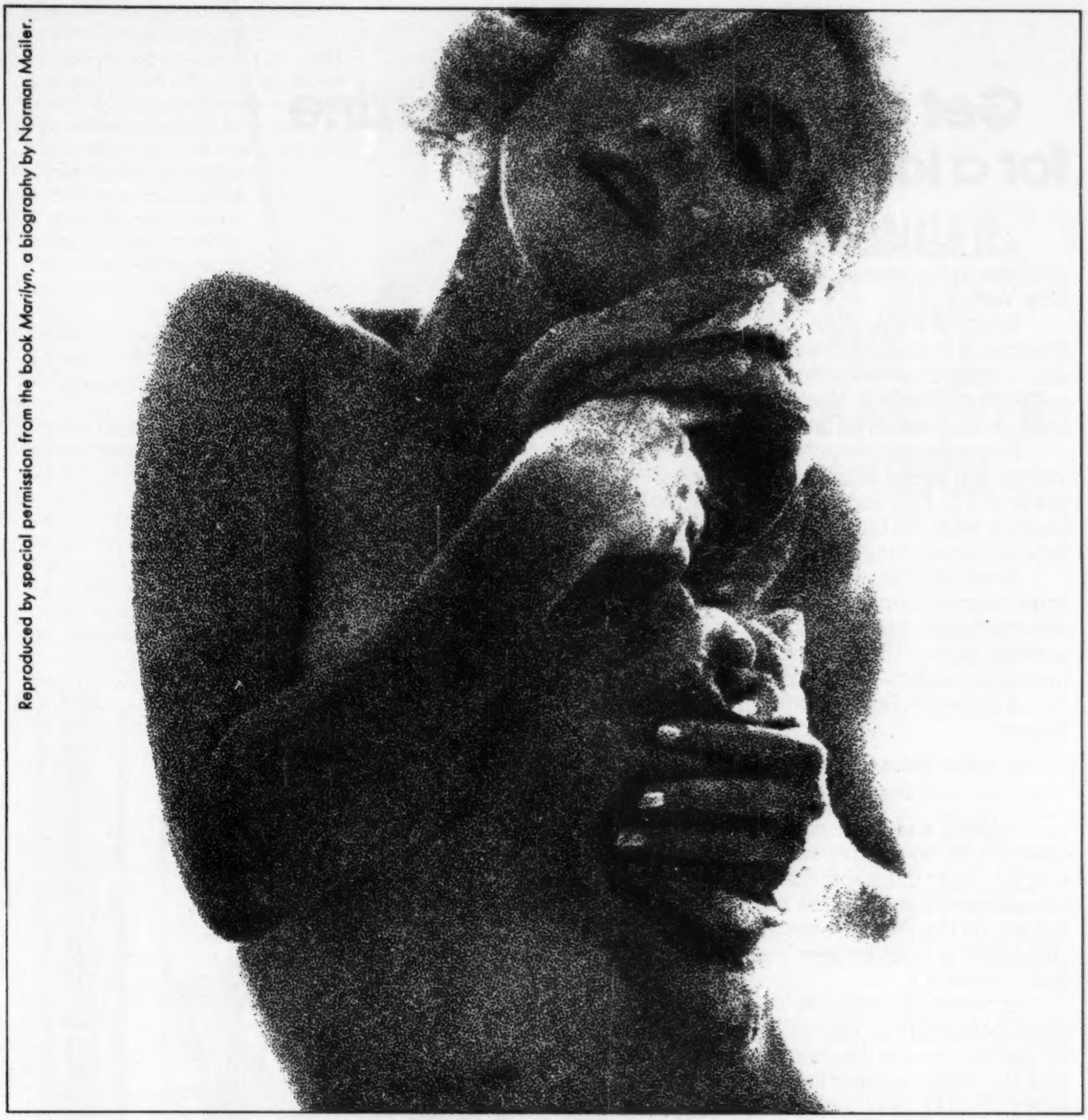
Everything a Woman Needs to Know to Get Paid What She's Worth *by Caroline Bird* (McKay, 292 pp., $8.95). No one can accuse Caroline Bird (author of *Born Female*) of being shrill: the prose of *Everything a Woman Needs to Know to Get Paid What She's Worth* drones. For radical feminists, the book will seem too mild, particularly when Ms. Bird speaks of the "proper" way to behave as a company's "token woman." Nevertheless, it's a crucial book, especially for those women still trying to escape or scrape off the professional mire of typing for men. It's full of interesting information—*i.e.*, that an employer cannot legally refuse to hire a woman because she's pregnant, and that it's illegal for an employer to pose the very questions male interviewers invariably ask female job applicants: "Do you plan to marry? When do you think you might start your family?"

Economics and the Public Purpose *by John Kenneth Galbraith* (Houghton Mifflin, 334 pp., $10). "Left to themselves, economic forces do not work out for the best except perhaps for the powerful," our shrewdest and boldest Establishment economist asserts as he comes out of the closet and unabashedly urges socialism for the softest areas of the economy (e.g., the housing, health and mass-transit industries), which he says are halfway there already, but are botching the job. Though the first two-thirds of the book are an elegant rehash of the Galbraithean overview (from *American Capitalism* and *The New Industrial State*) that our economic system is utterly dominated by a few hundred corporate leviathans, the last part is a daring, forceful and lucid blueprint for correcting massive inequities in American society. His proposals on wages (chop at the top, raise the bottom), interest rates (low and fixed), and tax structure (the feds get far too much) will rile fat cats mightily no doubt, though they are aimed at reducing the volatility of U.S. industrial performance. In his most programmatic work to date, Galbraith urges the moguls to drop the sacrosanct concept that growth per se is progress, to stop being neurotic about the term "socialism" and to admit that there are some things that American private enterprise can't do (or doesn't want to because it doesn't pay) that gravely affect all our lives.

The uncollected Fitzgerald stories: was life ever that secure?

The First Deadly Sin *by Lawrence Sanders* (Putnam, 566 pp., $8.95). Even though it is a full Book of the Month Club selection, the best one can say about this new, long, tedious novel by the author of *The Anderson Tapes* is that it is professionally written and plotted. Set on Manhattan's Upper East Side, Precinct 251, it is the parallel tale of an executive who commits murder and the "inspired" detective who tracks him down. The only vivid character one encounters here is the murderer's rich-bitch whorish womanfriend who entertains her gentlemen caller in a sordid chamber with an uncovered mattress and a bare bulb. Minor characters—stereotypes all—include a *zaftig*, gefilte fish-rolling, man-hungry Jewish widow; a retired museum curator whose speech is punctuated by "gosh" and "gee," a homosexual who lisps; and a black laborer with a magnificent bare torso. There's something to offend everyone in *The First Deadly Sin*—especially those who think of the novel as art.

North Dallas Forty *by Peter Gent* (Morrow, 314 pp., $7.95). Gent, who never could go deep worth a damn as a pass receiver for the Cowboys, has gone very deep here as a novelist. From sex, violence and physical pain, he shapes a furious, funky and funny story of a



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Homelife readers get complete TV listings and previews for a whole week's worth of TV. *Plus* features filled with great ideas on what the family can do at home when they're not watching television.

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For advertisers—1,000,000 circulation at the lowest C.P.M.:

A black-and-white page in Homelife costs just $2.05 per thousand. A 4-color page, only $2.75 per thousand. Based on a 1,000,000 circulation. (Homelife's the first magazine in history, by the way, to average 1 million circulation in Greater New York alone in its first 3 months.)

In months to come, we'll be adding 15 more metro editions that will blanket the top 25 market areas in the country (Nielsen DMA's), which account for two-thirds of the nation's 64,000,000 households. For more information, contact Roy Lord, V.P., Marketing, Homelife, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. (212) 490-8720.

man's mental anguish to survive in a world he despises but can't let go of. The last playing days of a Dallas offensive end named Phil Elliott are played back in an indictment of the exploitive commercial aspects of pro football. Elliott manages to suit up only by regularly raising high the roofbeams of his head—with codeine, booze, grass, speed, fear or any combination thereof, all the while trying to figure out what he's really after. "Happiness would be nice and it's a swell goal," he tells his girl, when pressed, "but all I want right now is to know. To know whether I'm happy or unhappy, it don't matter which, I just want to know which I am."

Pieces of Time: Peter Bogdanovich on the Movies (Arbor House, 269 pp., $7.95). When Director Bogdanovich went West to fame and fortune (via *Targets, The Last Picture Show* and *What's Up, Doc?*), *Esquire* gave him a column called "Hollywood" and hoped for the best. It got a series of fawning fan letters to folks like Marlene Dietrich, John Wayne and James Cagney, peppered with a lot of other name-dropping, as in, "Orson and I. . . ." Before becoming a columnist, Bogdanovich had written some fine articles, among them his first impressions of Movieland, a profile of Jerry Lewis as Holden Caulfield, and a readout of the Bogart craze. Few people know more about American movies, but as the latest entries in this collection of his journalism and columns suggest, Bogdanovich has become less interested in living people than in recapturing the tinsel and mythology of the past. The early articles are included in this book, and they are good. But reading the latter half of this collection is like walking through a wax museum.

The Honorary Consul *by Graham Greene* (Simon and Schuster, 315 pp., $7.95). Set in a small Argentinian city against an emotional landscape of dwindling hope and flickering passion, this new novel is vintage Graham Greene when it works. His themes here, as with his best fiction, are Christ and love, played out by lapsed Christians and loveless lovers. Chief ruminator is Dr. Edouardo Plarr, half-English, half-Paraguayan, who is forced to confront his commitments, or lack of them, when his friend the British consul is mistakenly kidnapped by rebels. The backdrop is palpitant with the moist heat of November in South America, and a corresponding torpor slows the narrative for much of the early going.

HUNGER IS ALL SHE HAS EVER KNOWN

Margaret was found in a back lane of Calcutta, lying in her doorway, unconscious from hunger. Inside, her mother had just died in childbirth.

You can see from the expression on Margaret's face that she doesn't understand why her mother can't get up, or why her father doesn't come home, or why the dull throb in her stomach won't go away.

What you can't see is that Margaret is dying of malnutrition. She has periods of fainting, her eyes are strangely glazed. Next will come a bloated stomach, falling hair, parched skin. And finally, death from malnutrition, a killer that claims 10,000 lives *every day*.

Meanwhile, in America we eat 4.66 pounds of food a day per person, then throw away enough to feed a family of six in India.

If you were to suddenly join the ranks of 1½ billion people who are forever hungry, your next meal might be a bowl of rice, day after tomorrow a piece of fish the size of a silver dollar, later in the week more rice—maybe.

Hard-pressed by the natural disasters and phenomenal birth rate, the Indian government is valiantly trying to curb what Mahatma Gandhi called "The Eternal Compulsory Fast."

But Margaret's story can have a happy ending, because she has a CCF sponsor now. And for only $12 a month you can also sponsor a child like Margaret and help provide food, clothing, shelter—and love.

You will receive the child's picture, personal history, and the opportunity to exchange letters, Christmas cards—and priceless friendship.

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Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Philippines, Indonesia and Guatemala. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

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I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose my first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____. ☐ Please send me more information.

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The Sweetbird of Youth?

Be honest now. How do you feel, generally speaking, about the young among us?

Do you think of them in laudatory, near-reverential terms? Or does the very thought of them give you a fearful headache?

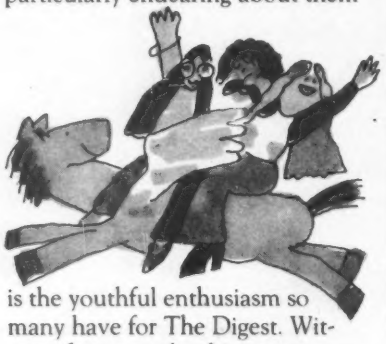
Neither, quite?

That shows good sense.

Most young people, after all, probably aren't practicing candidates for sainthood. But they are, overall, quite a nice bunch.

We at Reader's Digest are firmly convinced of that.

And one of the things we find particularly endearing about them



is the youthful enthusiasm so many have for The Digest. Witness, for example, this recent Gallup study finding:

Far more Americans under thirty think "highly favorably" of Reader's Digest than of the other prominent magazines measured. And this is even more the case among our non-white young.

Impressed?

Wait. There's more.

Nearly one out of every three of the nation's 18 to 24 year olds read The Digest. And we're adding them to our audience faster than the population is producing them.

Which should come as no big surprise, really. For The Digest, with an audience of 42 million adults, reaches more of all kinds of people.

Still, we're delighted that among them are more young people than you'd care to shake a stick at.

No matter how partial you are to shaking sticks at young people.

Alistair Cooke's America *by Alistair Cooke* (Knopf, 384 pp., $15.). After a successful showing on the BBC and later on American television, *Alistair Cooke's America* now must endure the transition to a large, picture-filled book. *America* does not weather the transition well. Without the gentlemanly demeanor and the patient voice of BBC's Mr. Chips, and without the accompanying sound and action on the television screen, *America* evokes a tiresome sense of *deja vu*. The pedantry of grade-school history texts flashs back through the mind; both the prose and the pictures have a stale and lifeless quality about them. Better to view the current second showing of the 11-part series on television.

Cosell *by Howard Cosell* (Playboy Press, 390 pp., $8.95). Take away the pretty face, the buttery larynx and the unfailing good taste, and Howard Cosell is just another hogcaller in the wide world of sweat. Happily, those compromising qualities are irrevelant as the Bambino of Bombast goes the paper route. The result is a continuously readable recitation of Howard's Most Memorable Moments and Stupendously Stellar Stalwarts. His hankering for cliché has been svelted down to one per page, and while he too often belabors the obvious, the man's undeniable virtues shine through here: his candor, his outrage with hypocrisy, his unabashed infatuation with great gamesmen past and present (among them Jackie of the Pigeon Toes, Ali, Joe Willie and Vince the Coach). A sports fan's mother lode.

Cruel and Unusual: The Supreme Court and Capital Punishment *by Michael Meltsner* (Random House, 338 pp., $8.95). Abolition of the death penalty has not been a popular cause in an era when law-and-order vigilantes have yipped for blood. More credit, then, to the heroically persistent band of *pro bono* young lawyers, led by an intellectual dynamo named Tony Amsterdam, who spent nine years staying the hangman's noose from nearly 600 necks while they battled in court after court, state after state, against a centuries-old tradition. Eye-for-an-eye may be Biblically symmetrical, suggests Meltsner in this instructive narrative, but it does not bring humanity to an arbitrary and capricious criminal justice process. In 1972, the Supreme Court surprisingly agreed.

Please Pass the Guilt *by Rex Stout* (Viking, 150 pp., $5.95). In his 51st Nero Wolfe outing (and first in four years), the unquenchable Mr. Stout, now 87 years old, demonstrates that his yarn-spinning powers have not diminished. The frame of reference is exceedingly contemporary, featuring Women's Lib, the fortunes of the New York Mets and a murderous bomb blast in the offices of a corporation ladder-climber. The pantaphagous, nineteen-stone Wolfe never leaves the depths of his custom-made armchair—except to eat, sleep, and croon to the orchids on the top floor of his West 35th Street brownstone—as he cracks a mystery that has bedeviled the New York Police.

The Basil and Josephine Stories *by F. Scott Fitzgerald* (Scribner's, 287 pp., $8.95). Hung up with the writing of *Tender Is the Night*, his fourth novel, Fitzgerald reached back into his bag of childhood delights and churned out eight tales about Basil Duke Lee, a transparent re-creation of Fitzgerald's own upward-striving, class-conscious adolescence in the feckless days before the Great War. All ran in the *Satevepost*, so, when his novel was done, Fitzgerald cranked out five more stories, all about the perfect date for Basil—Miss Josephine Perry, a Chicago "society" girl who was "almost very rich." Was life ever as secure as these frothy bon-bons suggest?

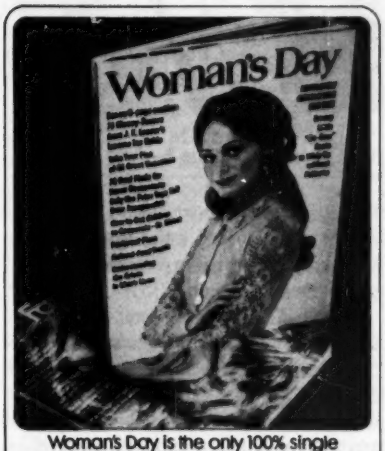
On records

Angel Clare *Garfunkel* (Columbia). Cut loose from both Paul Simon and his own first name, the artist opts for a sound so ephemeral it very nearly disappears under a barrage of like-a-'Bridge Over Troubled Water' overproduction. The sound may be airy, and the mood overly choirboy, but at least Garfunkel's material is all top pedigree, with sources ranging through Jimmy Webb, Van Morrison and Bach.

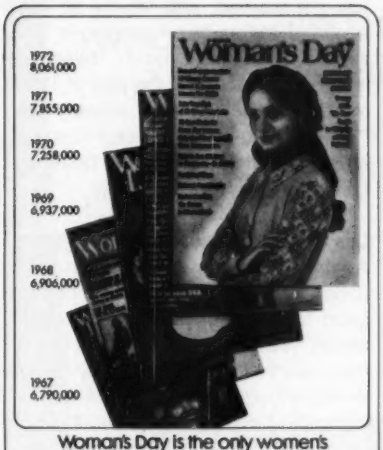
My Maria *B.W. Stevenson* (RCA). B.W. didn't write the Three Dog Night hit 'Shambala,' although he released an earlier (by about three weeks) version. But he located Danny Moore, who did write it, and they co-authored the title gem of this album. B.W.'s best material is borrowed, but he's a wonderfully expressed singer, blending soulful strains of country and pop with deceptive ease. He's from Texas, and his first name is actually Buckwheat.

Maria Muldaur (Warner Bros.). Brilliant, long-awaited solo debut from

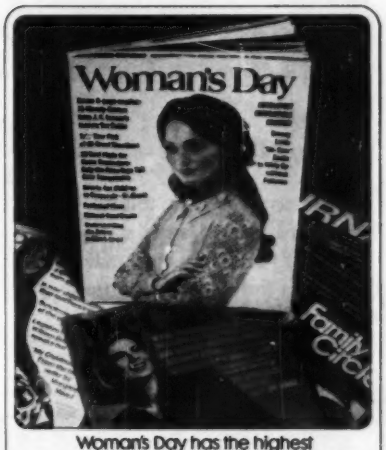
ANY WAY YOU LOOK AT IT



Woman's Day is the only 100% single copy magazine to ever exceed 8 million average monthly circulation.



Woman's Day is the only women's service magazine with five years of circulation gains.



Woman's Day has the highest circulation of all women's service magazines.

WOMAN'S DAY IS THE LEADING MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN.

Average circulation: 8,061,000.

Source: January-June 1972 ABC Publishers Statement, July-December 1972, ABC Fas-Fax.

A FAWCETT Publication

It isn't fashionable in some circles.

To hear some people tell it, Reader's Digest is, well, *square*.

Now if you think that makes us feel like a million bucks, guess again. Still, we do have our admirers. And we take such comfort as we can from what they say about us.

You may listen.

Bill Cosby, comedian, applauds The Digest's "priceless knack for stimulating three key anatomical areas in a reader—the brain, the heart, and the funnybone."

David Ogilvy, advertising legend, marvels at its ability to "present complicated subjects in a way that *engages* the reader."

Golda Meir, grandmother, salutes The Digest for helping "a huge public to understand the complex issues of our times by providing information and comment with balance and humor."

Then there are our 42 million other readers.

They make up the biggest audience around. And the richest. And, to judge by our remarkable subscription renewal rate, the most devoted.

All of which helps explain why—despite an occasional ungentle critic—The Digest's ad revenue is at an all-time high.

And growing.

We're feeling better now, thank you.

the former Kweskin Jug Band vocalist and New England heartthrob. By turns slinky, seductive, raunchy or wry, Maria runs through non-stop fabulous material, supplying as many moods as there are songs, and always underplaying her style just enough to keep things interesting. Beautifully produced, aided immeasurably by some of the best backup musicians anywhere.

Full Moon *Kris Kristofferson and Rita Coolidge* (A & M). They're in love, they just got married, and they're so laid-back they're practically singing in their sleep. Ultra-sweet lyrics dwell relentlessly on an 'Until the End of Time' motif, but hell, they probably *are* "happy as bluebirds," as one tune puts it. Besides, they sure sound better together than they do separately.

Los Cochinos *Cheech y Chong* (Ode). A whole album fashioned around the notion that the very mention of dope is good for big laughs. Mostly a sophomoric yawn, with only a couple of routines worth listening to. They're still deadly accurate when it comes to mimicking the kind of guys who fight over a Black Savage record. And who else would think to do an in-depth interview with a body louse?

Gimme Something Real *Nick Ashford and Valerie Simpson* (Warner Bros.). Valerie's made two superb albums of her own so far, and she and Nick have Motown in their blood, as both writers ('Ain't No Mountain High Enough') and producers. Here, they forge a charismatic blend of secular and gospel influences, fleshing it out with tight production. Slick, sophisticated R & B.

Side 3 *Raspberries* (Capitol). Continuing proof that you don't have to be English to sound like the early Beatles. Also further proof that effervescent mid-Sixties styles are still the gas they used to be. Soaring harmonies, pounding backbeat, and a mock innocence that's

Last Chance *Chip Taylor* (Warner Bros.). A fine little C & W sleeper from a guy so mellow his style is just this side of lethargic. Combining rock and roll sentiments with country phrasings ('The Real Thing'), Taylor is a dry enough wit to write a song about his experience with the record charts ('101 In Cashbox') and get away with it. Once upon a both quaint and refreshing; like the early Beatles, they'd be happy just to dance with you. A two-straw milkshake, a grade-A good time.

Sonny Rollins:
takes you beyond the beyond

time, he wrote the best-selling "Angel of the Morning." And he's Jon Voight's brother, although Jon Voight probably doesn't sing this well.

Goat's Head Soup *The Rolling Stones* (Rolling Stones Records). Only a medium high on the Stones' epic continuum, but that still puts it yards above anything else that's come out lately. Be they soft-riff or tough-riff, most tunes focus on the background sound; still, 'Angie' is a melodramatic standout, 'Heartbreaker' a good solid successor to 'Bitch,' and 'Dancing with Mr. D' ominous enough to keep the kinkiness alive. But the craven business of cleaning up the title of 'Star-fucker,' (it's now 'Star Star') is simply not worthy of them.

Let's Get It On *Marvin Gaye* (Tamla). Simple songs, sentimental lyrics set off Gaye's virtuoso vocals, which pare down the style of 'What's Goin' On' to a tighter, less oblique form. One of the year's soul standouts, especially for that title cut.

Trip to Heaven *Freddie Hart* (Capitol). Freddie Hart is one of the old masters of country music (he wrote 'Easy Lovin' '), with a career of hits stretching back 20 years. Although he lapsed into obscurity in the late '60s, he has rejuvenated his sound and his sales recently by adding up-to-date production and arrangements to what is really a pretty primitive country voice. As a songwriter he's tops. Terrific.

Relativity Suite *Don Cherry and the Jazz Crusader's Orchestra* (JCOA Records). Free music with melodies you can hum (that, in fact, have a habit of sticking in the brain all night), isn't

exactly what we've come to expect from the Jazz avant-garde, but that's what Don Cherry, who makes an art of being unpredictable, has come up with. Alternately peaceful, mystifying, even march-like, Cherry's 'Relativity Suite' is a delightful melange of Oriental scales, classical motifs and solid modern jazz (as opposed to the Modern Jazz Quartet), played by an orchestra of superb avant-garde musicians including violin superstar Leroy Jenkins and three-fourths of the Ornette Coleman Quartet.

Lawrence of Newark *Larry Young* (Perception Records). Jimmy Smith still wins the Down Beat Poll almost automatically each year in the organ category. But for us, at least, Larry Young continues to play the world's heaviest organ, in terms of both style and technique. Larry came close to overshadowing Tony Williams, John McLaughlin and later Jack Bruce, when they all played in the legendary Tony Williams Lifetime a few years back. Now his first album since leaving Tony is out, an effortless millefleur of funky and far-out organ genius. The performances here streak along as lovely and smooth as 30-year-old scotch, yet make use of musical advances that other organists are still groping and hoping for.

Sonny Rollins Vol 1: "The Bridge"; Vol 2: "Sonny Meets Hawk!" *Sonny Rollins & Co.* (RCA). This reissue set of two historic LP s makes available for the first time in years some of the greatest Sonny Rollins ever recorded (originally in 1962 and 1963), including perhaps the finest instrumental version of Billie Holiday's now famous 'God Bless the Child' ever put on vinyl. Volume 2 joins Sonny with the founding mother of the tenor sax, Coleman Hawkins—an event equivalent in grandeur to a meeting of Charlie Parker and John Coltrane. Needless to say, especially for fans, this stuff takes you beyond the beyond.

New Songs For Old Friends *Tom Paxton* (Warner Bros.). Old folkie and perennially good songwriter is taken under the wing of extremely gifted English producer (Tony Visconti), with startlingly good results.

Long Hard Climb *Helen Reddy* (Capitol). Essentially a soundtrack from Helen's summer TV series, with an ice cube where its heart should be. Exactly one good cut here ("Ruby Red Dress"), and that one works because at least it's honest in its brassiness. ●

U.S.News & WORLD REPORT

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Gallagher's is on 52nd street just west of Broadway. Open every night including Sunday for dinner and after theatre supper.
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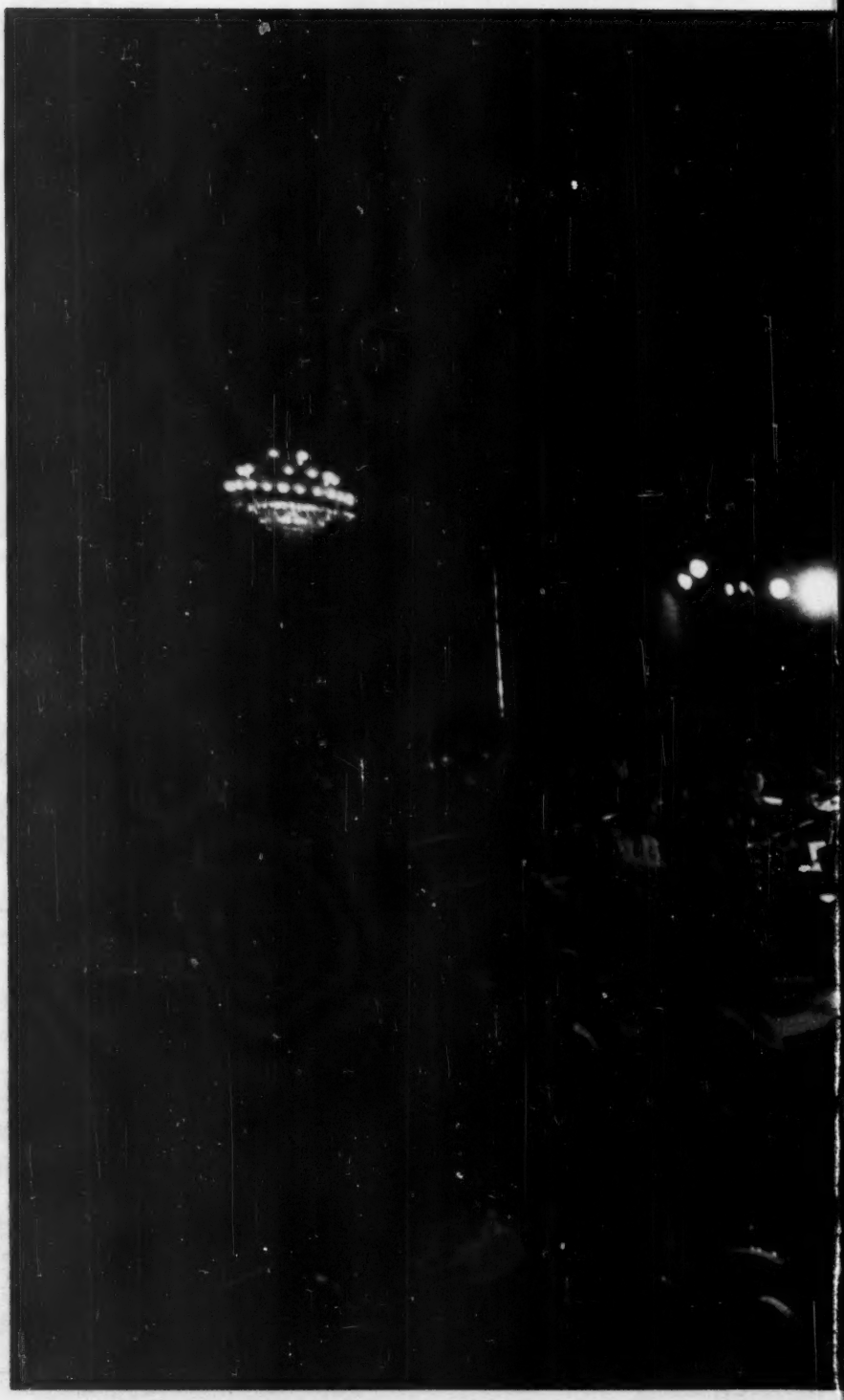
"There are a lot more things

The hearings have been cut short, but the committee's chief investigator says the investigation has not been

By Joe McGinniss



It was as if collectively they had written a great first novel. A work so fine, so vast in scope, so monumental in achievement that its publication was hailed as a turning point in the history of American letters.

Then they had come along with their second: confusing, unstructured, barely formed at all; portraying only minor characters involved in small events. But wait, they insisted, this new one is much more *significant*. If only you'd make the effort to understand what it means.

Their readers, however, still titillated by the power of the first, were not in any mood to ponder meaning. If there weren't going to be any thrills, then there shouldn't be anything at all.

"Of course it's a letdown," said a Watergate committee staff member, as another day of the second phase of hearings ended lamely. "How could it not be? We gave them 100-proof vodka all summer and now all we're serving is 3.2 beer."

First, there was the tedious, unspirited testimony of a wan, enfeebled Howard Hunt. Then the committee was confronted by Patrick Buchanan, a White House speech writer who not only had not been implicated in any crime, but who did not even feel guilty about working for Richard Nixon. The *Washington Post* ridiculed Samuel Dash, the committee's chief counsel, for the way he had been outmaneuvered by Buchanan. The senators fared no better. It was, the *Post* story said, as if the committee had been testifying before Buchanan, instead of the other way around. Anonymous sources were quoted criticizing Dash and his assistant Terry

Joe McGinniss is working on a nonfiction book which he describes as "my search for the vanished American hero."

we have to look into"

PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY TRETICK

"You see how many of these guys have signed with lecture agents and it really makes you wonder"

Lenzner for allowing Buchanan to appear at all.

Even more damaging, at least to the committee's pride, was the announcement by the television networks that they were suspending live coverage of the hearings, presumably because they felt the excitement was over.

"The senators will never admit it," an aide said, "but except for Montoya, these guys are going to miss that TV plenty. It was a real kick for them, being stars, and now it's over. How do you think Baker must feel? It's like when they told Dick Cavett he'd only be on a little bit instead of being on every night."

Then the big names among scheduled witnesses started to drop out. Then a whole day of hearings was called off. "The surest sign that the party's over," said a committee staff member, "is that there are no new Montoya jokes coming out. And when you hear the old ones now, it makes you feel nostalgic."

(Sample old one: As the hearings were about to begin one morning, a senator, noticing that Senator Montoya was not yet in his chair, asked another senator where Montoya was. "He's still in his office," was the reply. "Rehearsing yesterday's questions.")

But the man who recounted that joke, told it in an almost wistful tone. *Those were the days, my friend, we thought they'd never end. . .*

Lowell Weicker, cordial and relaxed, and looking a bit trimmer after a recess which included tennis, sat in his office with his feet on his desk. It was late on a Friday afternoon and he was waiting for another vote on the senate floor before flying to Hartford for a speech.

"This is not the summer of '73," he said. "That's behind us. You have to adjust. I don't think Americans have to be shown any more dirty tricks. I think they already realize that these guys have brought politics into the gutter.

"Sure, if I'd started out as an Impeach-the-President type I'd be very angry and frustrated right now. But my concern from the beginning has been with the broader principles of how politics should be conducted in this country, and I've got to protect what I've got out there. I don't want these hearings dragging on so long that people start saying, maybe we got too excited last summer, maybe it wasn't that important. What we heard last summer was true. Nobody got caught up in hysteria. Nobody made too much of it. It happened. It was true. But now we're in a new phase.

"I'm supposed to debate William Buckley next month. I think it's that kind of forum that I can best use now. Then, there's the Report. The official Committee Report might turn out to be an innocuous thing. But I can tell you this, and make no mistake about it, I'm going to write my own report, and it's going to be included in the Committee Report, and what I write is not going to be innocuous."

Time to shift the focus, said Weicker, but what the committee had done up to now, the committee has done very well. No complaints and no regrets. There are others, however, who are not as pleased when they look back.

"What do you think of the investigation so far?" an aide to a committee member was asked.

"A disgrace. An absolute disgrace. This thing was run by a bunch of young, career-crazed lawyers who saw it mainly as an opportunity to further their own careers. I mean, shit, these kids are sitting around over there in awe of the witnesses they're supposed to be questioning. Then they get on the phone and call home: 'Mommy, Mommy, I interviewed John Mitchell today.' Now they're pushing to drag this thing out, and they say they've got all this great stuff, but when you push them to the wall, really pin them down, it disappears. They show you nothing.

"They say, 'We've got Segretti.' Big deal. At this point, the fact that Segretti hired a few college kids to create a rumpus at a rally—I mean, who cares?

"The whole thing has been a disgrace. During the recess you got Dash and Thompson out making speeches instead of investigating. You look around and see how many of these guys have signed up with lecture agents and it makes you wonder, it really does, just what their priorities are."

Samuel Dash's assistant, Terry Lenzner, a 34-year-old lawyer who had worked for the defense in the trial of the Berrigan brothers in Harrisburg, sat in his home, his three-year-old daughter competing for his attention. "I thought our function in this phase was to put on a series of witnesses who would present a whole spectrum of politicial activities and then the committee could decide what was acceptable and what wasn't," he said. "I know it's not as dramatic as what we did in the first phase, but I'm sure that's a valid reason for cutting the hearings short. Congress is not mandated just to put on dramatic hearings.

"A problem with this phase is that a lot of stuff we discovered has already leaked out. So people say there's nothing new. Well, I believe that there is a difference between having stuff leak out and having people testify to it. I don't know how you can recommend legislation if you don't have a full record.

"I don't consider the investigation over. I'm going back on the road after the public hearings are over. We'll be working right up until the time of the report. There are a lot more things we have to look into, and I consider the areas we're involved in now—campaign practices and financing—much more important in terms of new legislation than the first phase was. We already have laws against wire tapping.

"I don't know," Lenzner said. "I was fairly astonished, for example, to learn that a political party tries to affect the outcome of the opposing party's primary election, but nobody else seemed to be. Maybe I'm naive.

"Or maybe the problem is that we just don't present the stuff we have very well. Maybe," Lenzner said, smiling tightly, "we should get some advice on that from people like Buchanan." ●

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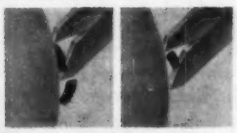


As the first edge shaves, it lifts the whiskers so the second edge can shave it again, closer.

© The Gillette Co., Boston, Mass.

By Jimmy Breslin

The envelope went away, and now a long, narrow black gun was in the right hand

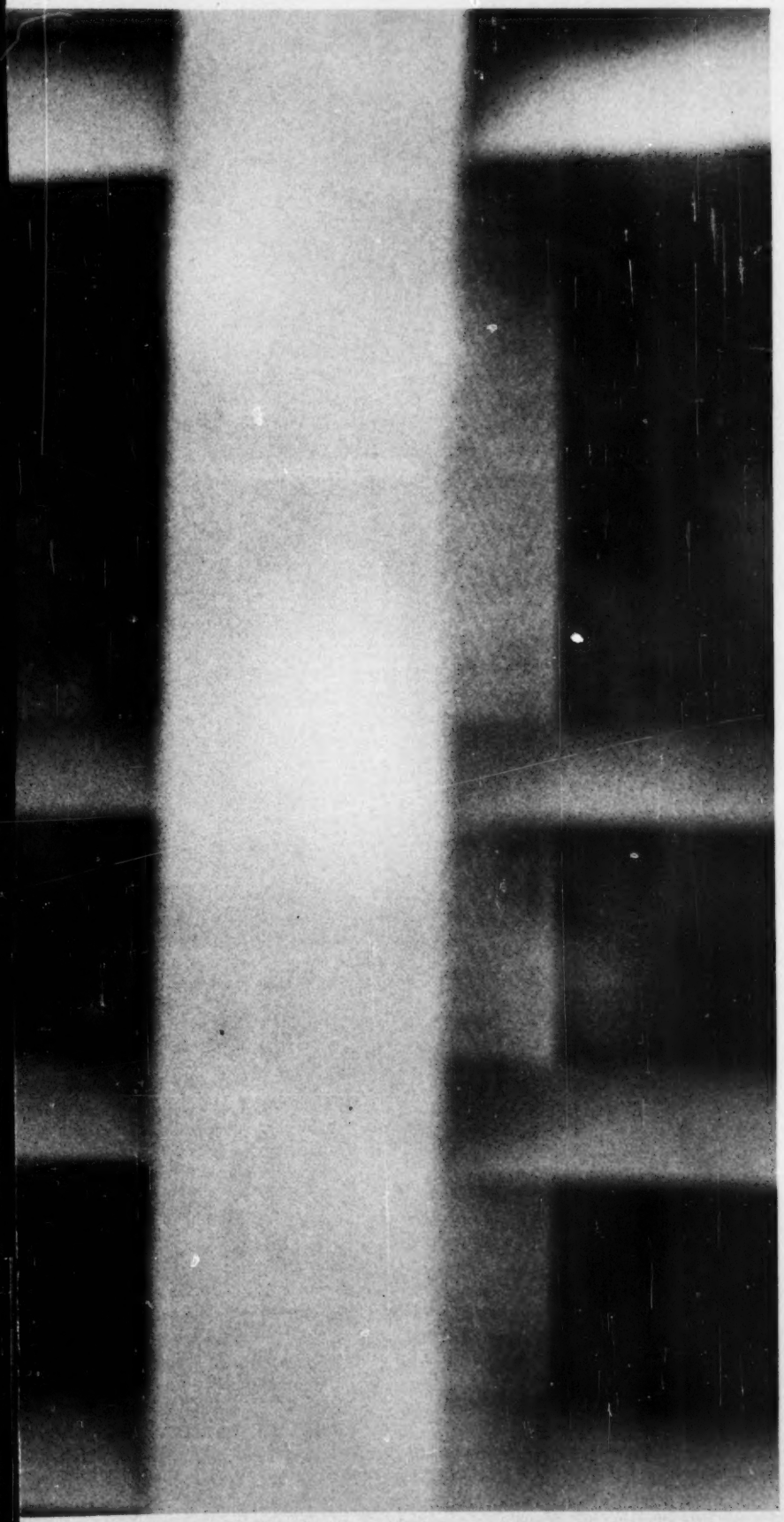
A 74-year-old woman goes to the supermarket

Mary Hafner, at 74, walked the way of the old. She took a few steps, rested with her package that was too heavy for her, then took another couple of heavy steps. She knew she should have brought along her shopping cart, but the thought never occurred, it had been so long since she had shopped for anybody except herself and the thin, light-eating granddaughter. This time, a 17-year-old grandson was visiting her for a few days. He was home taking a nap. Mary Hafner was coming from Bohack's supermarket with cans of tomatoes and tomato paste for spaghetti sauce. The sunlight was uncomfortably warm even though the day was deep into a fall afternoon. The seven blocks between the supermarket and the house seemed longer than usual.

She lived in the Ridgewood neighborhood of Queens, which is in New York City. Ridgewood is on the border of

Contributing Editor Jimmy Breslin is the author of the current best-selling novel, WORLD WITHOUT END, AMEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON



While recuperating at home, 74-year-old Mary Hafner, victim of the mugging, peeks out her front window

Queens and Brooklyn. There is no printed line which says this is Brooklyn and this is Queens. At the corner of Myrtle and Wyckoff, by the Bohack's supermarket you look down a sloping street, a street with garbage cans on it and rundown frame houses and factory buildings with painted-over windows. Brooklyn's Bushwick section begins here, as sprawling as it is dismal. The only whites are shopkeepers not too nervous to make money.

When Mary Hafner came out of Bohack's she went in the opposite direction, into Ridgewood. In Ridgewood you can eat off the sidewalks, it is common for women to scrub them. And in Ridgewood, people almost never see a black person.

Mary Hafner thinks she saw the face on the way home. "You know, when you see these people you don't want to take no notice of them because if they see you do it, they turn around. That's how they are, you know." Otherwise, she saw only mothers walking to Miraculous Medal School and St. Mathias School to gather their children at three o'clock.

Mary Hafner lives at 58-48 69th Avenue. It is the last house before the corner of Forest Avenue. On the corner on her side of the street is a storm window store. Across the street from the storm window store is a fruit market with baskets of eggplant sitting on the sidewalk under the awning.

Mary Hafner started up her stoop. She took one step at a time and rested, an old lady coming home from shopping, pink scalp showing through thinning white hair. The front door was open. A footmat was stuck in it. The kid upstairs had taken his bike out and hadn't closed the door properly. Mary pushed the door open and was starting to lock it behind her when the guy came up the stairs. He was young and he came up fast and he shoved the door in on her. Mary Hafner remembers him as a "light-skinned colored" with a modified Afro.

She remembers him saying, "I'm looking for a party name of. . . ." A

Mary Hafner walks up the stoop toward the vestibule where she was attacked.

manila envelope covered his right hand. The envelope went away, and now a long, narrow black gun was in the right hand. Mary Hafner remembers him saying, "This is a holdup." He took the gun and put it against her cheek and shot her. Mary Hafner remembers blackness and a noise and a sudden burning.

The bullet was a .22. It went into her cheek, the slug splintered as it smashed the bone. A large part of the slug went through the cheek and came out through Mary Hafner's nostril, and smashed through the glass of the inside door. It left a hole in the glass large enough to fit a pencil in.

Mary Hafner vaguely remembers being on the floor of the vestibule with the guy pulling the cheap watch from her wrist, then picking up the groceries and her purse and walking down the front stoop. The purse had $14 in it.

When the man living in the basement apartment found Mary Hafner in the vestibule, blood was spilling from her mouth, nose and left ear. The man drove her to Wyckoff Heights Hospital. While X-rays were being taken, two detectives, older detectives, Jack O'Neill and Bob McKnight, arrived. They were from the robbery and burglary squad. A doctor spoke to O'Neill. "She may not live," the doctor said. An attendant showed O'Neill an X-ray. A large circle, part of the slug, stood out on the X-ray of the left side of the head. It frightened O'Neill. He went to the telephone and called the homicide squad. O'Neill didn't know that the slug was on the surface just under the scalp and could be removed with little effort.

In the emergency room, Mary Hafner stirred. She took Detective McKnight's hand and began patting it. "Don't worry, it'll be all right," she said.

"Hey, Mary, let me hold *your* hand," McKnight said.

The story of Mary Hafner being shot by a black needed no commercial form of communication

Some enormous strength from the past spread through her 160-pound body. She made it through a dangerous night.

Nobody in Mary Hafner's family remembers seeing any of the story on television. One station, Channel 7, had a camera crew at the hospital. Mary Hafner's head was aching, yet she was glad the news crew was there. "It might help the community to be more enlightened when they see a strange person walking around the neighborhood," she said. The filmed story did not make the evening news. The next morning, the *Daily News* had five paragraphs under a small heading. The other people in Ridgewood see the *Long Island Daily Press*, which had two paragraphs on the story. *The New York Times* is unheard of in Ridgewood. However, it did not matter whether the papers printed anything or not. The story of Mary Hafner being shot by a black needed no commercial form of communications.

"That's a shame about that woman's gettin' killed," said Bubba Flynn, who runs the Four Ones Car Service on Fresh Pond Road, a mile away.

"She's not dead."

"Yes, she is. The wife told me she died."

"Where did she hear it?"

"At Miraculous Medal. Woman at Mass there told my wife that the woman got shot by a colored man and died."

On 64th Place in Glendale, a similar neighborhood two miles away, Natalie Taylor said, "Isn't that something about the woman getting killed?"

"She didn't die."

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The street Mary Hafner lives on is usually quiet and free of crime.

"I was told she died."

"No, she made it. Somehow."

"I heard she was dead. Isn't that something? Go out food shopping and get shot. Nephew lives in Valley Stream, they got none of that out there. No wonder everybody moves."

The crime is one for which there is no explanation and no remedy or protection. It is meaningless to tell people that black women, living in such as the Bushwick section, are the most terrified of all New Yorkers. That because of the tremendous number of children damaged by the ghettos the number of insane adults rises each year and dangerous lunatics walk the streets untouched by any social agency. The number of guns in New York is chilling. Ridgewood, population 50,000, would turn out a record vote against gun control. People in Ridgewood who are members of white trade unions that keep out blacks shake their fists at the idea of any change. Welfare is a code name that inflames Ridgewood. If you were to point out the number of whites in Ridgewood who are on welfare, it would fail to lessen the anger. The rage is not over welfare, it is over who is on welfare. A slum in a big city is an infection which spreads in concentric circles from the original slum until it envelops blocks, sections, neighborhoods, areas. No politician in New York City would, even in a moment of total mental collapse, mention Ridgewood as a possibility for scatter-site housing. Ridgewood wants more police, and the police in New York solve nothing. In 1954, the city had a force of 18,000 men and the commissioner, Francis Adams, said, "The jungle is overgrowing the city." He was given 5,000 more police. The crime went on. The force was raised to 25,000 men. The crime went on. Under John V. Lindsay, the department reached 32,000 men. The crime is at its worst. Mention jobs, housing, court reform. The people in Ridgewood say they want the electric chair. Humans in fear cannot hear facts.

In Cleveland, in the Hollenden Hotel, people advise you to eat in the hotel at night. In the room, preferably

And Ridgewood is collective. In Cleveland, in the Hollenden House Hotel, people advise you to eat in the hotel at night. In the room preferably. Behind the hotel, in the Theatrical Restaurant, the musicians warn you to walk through the hotel parking garage instead of using the street after dark. In Detroit, in the middle of a bright weekday afternoon, the sidewalks are Sunday-afternoon empty. Since 1967, people have been pulling to the suburbs and voting for George Wallace. First, the city died at night and now it seems to have died in the daytime. Downtown Dayton is empty at night, just on the rumor of crime.

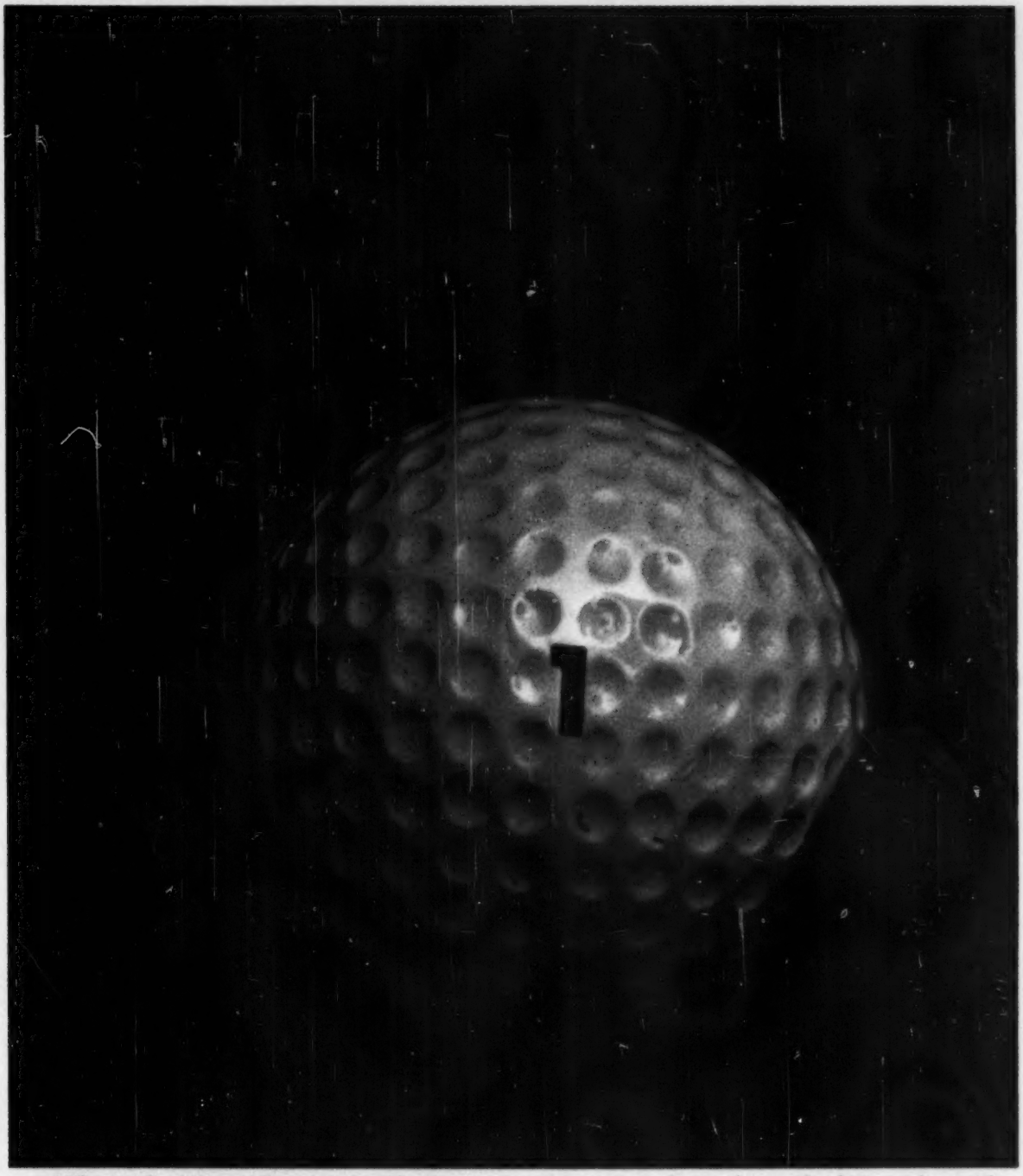
And in Ridgewood, when she came home from the hospital, Mary Hafner sat at the dining-room table and drank tea with her married daughter and 17-year-old grandson while October sunlight splashed through clean windows.

They discussed what had happened in the only terms they felt were important.

"I don't know what to tell you," the daughter said. "When I see somebody walkin' down my street, I live up on Menahan Street, I look out until I make sure they're gone."

"Especially niggers," her grandson said.

Mary Hafner rubbed her cheek. "How people didn't see a colored man with a shopping bag and a woman's pocketbook walking' through a white neighborhood like this." ●



What's the secret of a great golfer?

Analyze every move he makes, and you still can't pin it down. Because beyond technical skill, beyond everything that can be imitated, there's an intuition for doing something wonderfully well. You can't define it. But you recognize it when you see it. People see it in TIME.

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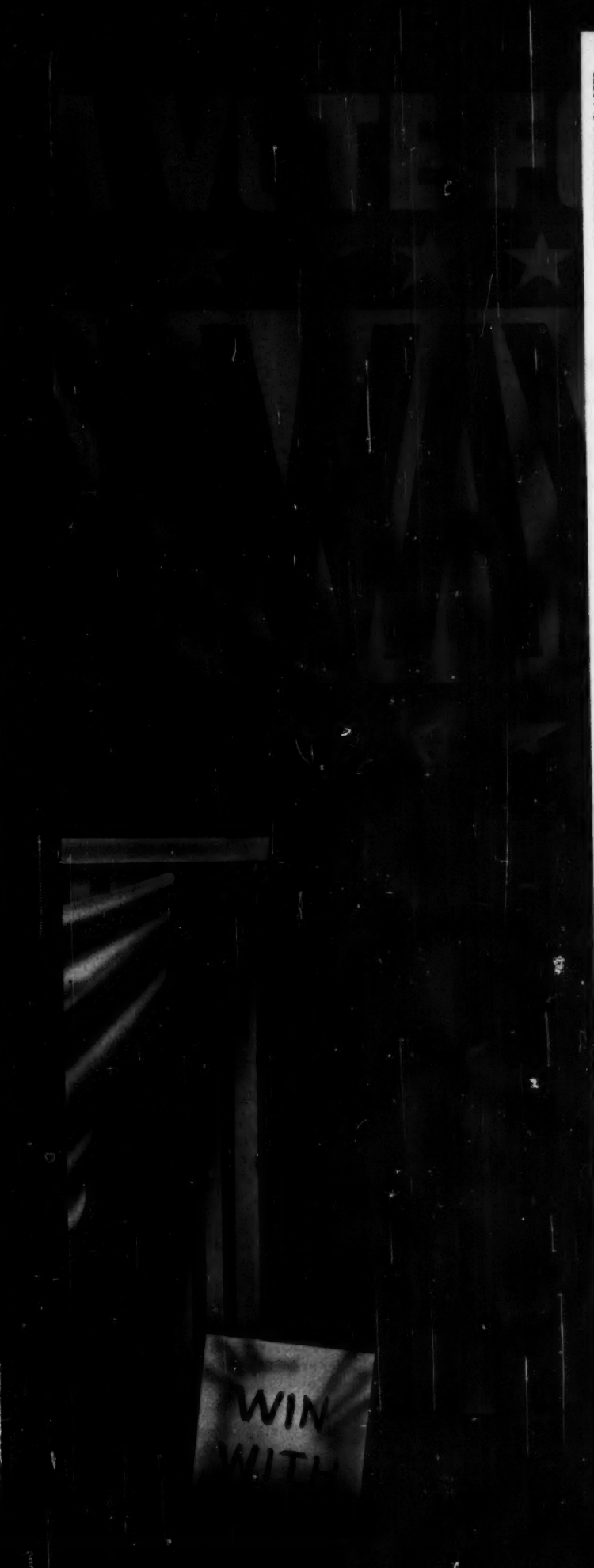

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL SLAGTER

"It has to be sex plus X"

Is there ever a time when a politician's sex life is relevant to "the public's right to know"?

By Brock Brower

"In 1960, the Democrats nominated for President a man I had known since he was a little boy," the *Times*man starts out. He is reluctant to offer me this story since he considers it, though widely known, still "a private communication." But he goes on to say that he did, at the time, get to pondering—privately—rumors about the candidate's "squiring all these girls around El Morocco." No way he'd ever be found writing up such goings-on in the public print, but he could see how they might easily become "bad publicity." He'd known the father even longer than the boy, and so decided to have a word with the Ambassador the next time they met. The Ambassador heard him out. And what then did the Ambassador reply? "You know the story," the *Times*man snorts at me, "as well as I do." Maybe, but not altogether, not really the Ambassa-

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Brock Brower is a journalist, a novelist and a contributing editor. His latest book is The Late Great Creature.

dor's exact words. Only that they were something to the effect that the American people did not give a damn whom the candidate . . . I pause. The *Times*man even chuckles. "There *was* the expression the old man used," he finally admits, "because he talked that way. But I don't want that repeated."

In the past, I think that would have been his own choice. If that was how the *Times*man felt about information touching the private life, however indirectly, of the late President–so be it. But lately, I wonder. Is it possible that the American people have begun to resent–even in this most sensitive area–not being told? Do they feel they have a right to know, for instance, at least generally what the Ambassador said–if not his exact words–since he set himself up to say, in regard to sex, what they the American people did not give a damn if the Democratic candidate for President did?

Certainly it was into this very grey area that the Watergate plumbers tried to push with a black prurience. "Do you mean to tell me and this committee," Senator Lowell P. Weicker grilled John D. Ehrlichman during the hearings, "that you consider private investigators going into sexual habits, drinking habits, domestic problems and personal social activities as a proper subject for investigation during a political campaign?" Ehrlichman not only said he did, but argued that since an "unwritten rule" operates among journalists to suppress shabby scandal about politicians' morals, politicians have an "affirmative obligation" to expose their opponents' peccadilloes, and more.

The example Ehrlichman gave, rather disingenuously, was "inebriation." You can spot Congressmen in that alarming state from the galleries, he testified. But if so, why hire private investigators to sit in the public galleries? No administration needs spies to discover that a rival politician is a terrible drunk. Spies are needed to uncover the fact that a rival politician is–as *Washington Post* executive editor Ben Bradlee used to hear from his old New England father–a "fearful girler."

> "People are not overly worried about the sensual side of dalliance, as much as they may be titillated by the details"

Such monsters do, alas, occasionally stalk abroad in Washington, and Bradlee admits he has his troubles deciding when the mark of the beast is enough on a man to be properly news. "I bump into this all the time with Maxine Cheshire's column." (He was even a bit subject to such consideration himself when it was recently announced he was divorcing his wife to marry CBS's Sally Quinn.) But contrary to there being any "unwritten law" to suppress, no real guidance exists either way except, says Bradlee, the "weight of the facts–you'd better not be wrong about it" and, ultimately, "taste."

"People in public life do surrender a certain part of their privacy," Bradlee says, "and sometimes the matter is clear, as in the case of Eagleton's mental illness. But the thinner ice is–" And he used an expression he must have gotten from the Ambassador. "Let's face it, the question of a little extra-curricular activity has come up with every modern President, with the possible exception of Harry S. Truman. But my feeling is that unless it interferes significantly–*fatally*–with a politician's public career, it makes no real difference."

Bradlee, for example, was adamant, along with other newspaper editors, against publishing the details of Martin Luther King's sex life that the FBI at one time tried to distribute as news. That information had no real bearing on King's leadership within the civil rights movement, and amounted to a sly, backhanded attempt to "nigger" the man. "That's one reason I'm hung up on this idea of any 'affirmative obligation' to look into a politician's private life" says Bradlee. "If it's a look at a newspaper morgue, that's one thing." A look at a newspaper's files, after all, was all it took, out in St. Louis, to disclose the gist of Senator Eagleton's medical history. "But if its 25 Ulasewiczes, that's another thing."

One Ulasewicz–Anthony T.–was what the White House had out gumshoeing Senator Edward M. Kennedy immediately after–and continuing long after–Chappaquiddick. The ex-New York cop trailed his man all the way to Hawaii once before giving up the chase, apparently without affirmatively obligatory result. But just suppose, for the nonce, he and 24 other Ulasewiczes had been able to bring back some girl in a sack, and lay her on Bradlee's desk, what then?

As a naked item, so to speak, she would still be–if our past political history says anything–relatively worthless. Pure sex has never been much of a political weapon in this country. A thousand untold reticences protected, among others, both Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Mrs. Henry Clay, Mrs. Warren G. Harding, and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt from having real scandal circulate about their husbands. There have been known liaisons that involved race, homosexuality, even bisexuality within Presidential politics, but I can quote only one overt use of illicit sex to break a national political power, and that one relatively minor and comic. A certain stepladder placed under a transom at the Delavan Hotel, Albany, N.Y., in late June of 1881.

What happened here was that Senator Thomas Platt was observed in the arms of an "unspeakable female" (New York *World*, July 2, 1881) by a steady parade of James G. Blaine Republicans, going first up the ladder to chuckle, then down the ladder to tell. Platt was forced to withdraw his re-election bid–a move that broke one whole wing of that party nationally–but interestingly enough, he

himself made a complete comeback in New York and national politics despite the scandal, as has many a tomcat since. Moreover, whenever that kind of thing is tried today—and now that it's hard to find a transom, this ploy takes a topnotch dwarf photographer, plus usually a good "wire man," like Ulasewicz—what you're most likely to entrap is an English Tory, which only earns you the gratitude of an entire party that at least a woman was involved. Remember that even John Mitchell had sense enough to cut the call girls out of G. Gordon Liddy's original $2,000,000 plan at that very first meeting when Liddy set up his charts over at Justice.

"It's nothing to us if people are making the beast with two backs," Les Whitten, Jack Anderson's chief assistant, remarks on this whole question. "It has to be sex plus X." What X may be is, of course, highly debatable. Whitten says a close case may have been an item in the Anderson column, around the time of Randy Agnew's divorce, mentioning that he had moved in with a male hairdresser. Randy has since moved out and remarried, and he might easily be seen as the victim of an egregious sexual innuendo. But the X factor here, according to Whitten, was Vice President Spiro T. Agnew, who'd been going around the country telling people how to raise their families properly.

"Randy may have been an innocent victim," Whitten admits, "but really of his father's mouth." There was political consequence in the hypocrisy inherent in this situation, something utterly missing, for instance, from an affair Barbara Howar has loudly announced with an unnamed senator. Though it knows who the senator is, the column will not name him either, unless he were suddenly to rise, let's say, to the defense of female chastity. As no laughing matter.

But the X factor need not be so problematic. Sometimes it looms as large, for example, as the circumstances surrounding Chappaquiddick. It was not so much the accident as the long delay in reporting the accident that darkened public appraisal of Senator Edward M. Kennedy's involvement. In fact, the great irony here is that there is, at least in my own opinion, no sexual scandal, but all the error and tragedy and compromise of character that could possibly arise from one. Chappaquiddick is really X minus sex.

Ehrlichman said that since journalists have an 'unwritten rule' to suppress scandal, politicians have an 'affirmative obligation' to expose it

As such, it may well define what really most disturbs the American people in this grey area. The plumbers seemed to have tried to exploit—crudely—the incident for "dirt." On that score, the Ambassador really had the better instincts. People are not overly worried about the sensual side of dalliance, as much as they may be titillated by the details. They only want to be sure, to know, that such dalliance does not itself represent some headlong, and possibly dangerous, escape from responsibility.

I would put this concern as a shift from a past righteousness about sex to a present watchfulness for equilibrium about sex. In the past, sexual liberties were still a somewhat precarious undertaking for politicians, but they somehow managed to take them. If now, with a more permissive attitude toward sex, a politician founders on a sexual involvement, *what excuse is there for him*? People are idly curious about the sex lives of politicians, as they are about everybody else's, but they are only concerned—and the more freedom, the more concern—when a politician's sex life dominates, or damages and possibly destroys the outward balance of his public life. He can have a mistress, sometimes even a divorce, but only so long as—even more than his family—*they* still come first.

Which, as any politician will say, makes for a tough life. In fact, the kind of life that often leads to sex as an emotional haven. "If they get a little relaxation from it," another newsman says with great sympathy, "what harm?" Most often, none, and the reassuring note to sound is that the majority of politicians exercise great care and finesse and even expertise in putting that side of their lives *in order*. They are much smarter than plumbers, or even reporters.

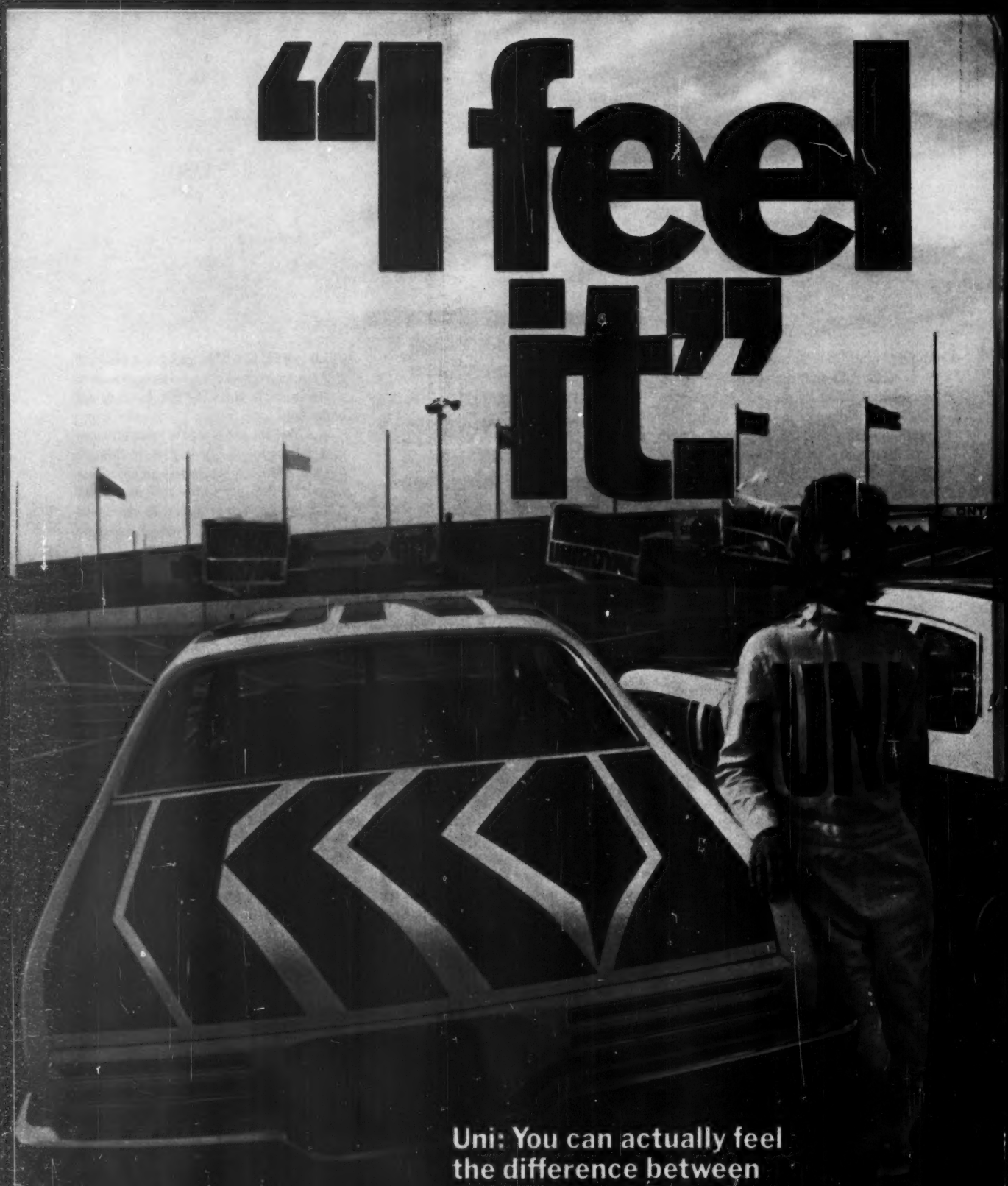
Perhaps one good way to explain this, as a reporter, is to say that despite the most searching and cynical look-see, there is always one who fools you. I know a journalist who followed Nelson A. Rockefeller around for years, with Happy often right there in the motorcade, and never knew. "I remember once there was a little accident to Rockefeller's car ahead of us," he tells me, "and *now* I know why she was so upset." I myself travelled with one candidate during the 1972 Democratic primaries whose domestic bliss is so public he almost speaks in woven samplers, only to be told by another journalist what exact anatomical-type chick particularly turns him on. And lest that start another operation out of the White House, here, to reciprocate, is a bit of bawdy, often told me by Washington secretaries, who are much closer to this situation than even reporters:

He was our great and fearless leader
With a Democrat's heart and a Republican peter.

Of course you can always say it's not a true rhyme. You can say a lot of things.

All I will say is that it doesn't surprise me in the least.

That is what we reporters always say in these matters. The only "unwritten rule" around that I know is that we carefully suppress our surprise. ●



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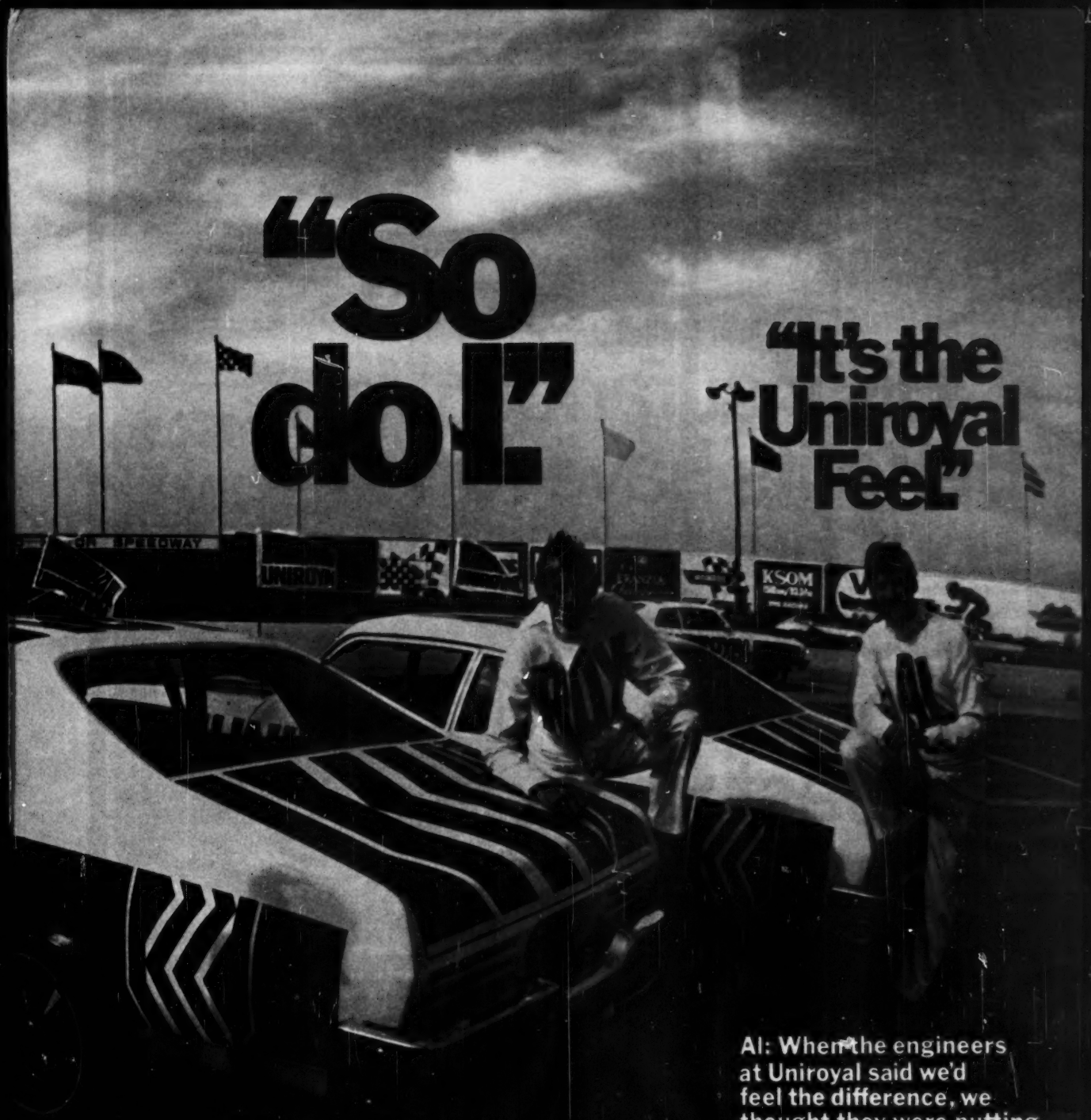

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By Joan Barthel

"His insurance benefits have run out, but he's a good patient, and please do the best you can"

While the power-brokers play politics with national health-insurance bills, the people are going broke.

I was depressed and a bit shaky on the way to the hospital, but by the time I'd paid the taxi and gone through the lobby into the admitting office I was calm, which was fortunate, for the admitting clerk was extremely snotty. She motioned me to a chair, without saying anything. Then she turned toward a typewriter alongside her desk, her back to me, her fingers poised over the keys.

"Your name," she said flatly. I told her. "Address," she continued. "Age. Date of birth." I told her, adding with a civility I shall never cease to regret that someone had called me at home earlier that afternoon and had asked me these very questions, explaining that I was being preregistered by phone.

"Place of birth," she continued. "Husband's name. Occupation. Do you have medical insurance?" I said yes, my husband's insurance covered me. "Do you have his card?" I said no.

At last I had captured her interest. She swung around to look at me, and I looked back: she was thin, black, intense-looking, with an elegant long neck. "You don't have an insurance card," she said. The way she said it was not lighthearted, so I added quickly that it was a company policy where he worked—a very good policy, a very good company, a very good husband, who would bring in his policy number when he came. She looked at me a few moments longer, then turned back and typed briefly before she spoke again. She asked for his Social Security number.

I said I didn't know.

Now she swung around again, so quickly that she lunged forward slightly, and for a wild moment I thought she intended to slap me. But she just looked through me, at some point beyond my right earlobe. "You don't know his policy number, and you don't know his Social Security number," she said in a rubber-band voice. I was quivering somewhere inside, but I tried to keep my voice taut. "But there is one number I know," I said. "I know his phone number. So why don't we just call him up right now and ask for those other numbers?" She continued to stare, and I tried again. "You know," I said confidingly, "I had a baby right here in this hospital. Right here! Three years ago. You must have all those files and records. Many numbers. You could look it up."

She tightened her lips, swung back to her typewriter. "Are you bleeding?" she asked in that same flat voice while she typed. I said yes. "Do you want a wheelchair?" I said no (smugly, senselessly: would I give her *that* satisfaction?) "Then wait out there," she said. She didn't look around. After a few-minutes wait, a plump woman, warm-looking, I guessed a volunteer, came up to me and asked if I had a suitcase. I said no, that my doctor had said to get to the hospital fast, and my husband would bring some things later. In the elevator she touched me gently on the arm. "How do you feel?" she asked. "Oh well," I began, trying to sound airy, "oh well . . ." But after brushing steel, I couldn't cope with compassion. "Oh, I'm having a miscarriage, dammit," I said, and burst into tears. The poor woman stared miserably at the elevator numbers all the way to the fourth floor.

To the surprise of all concerned, it was soon discovered that I was still pregnant, and my doctor said I could either have an abortion forthwith or go home and see what happened. I wanted to go home, so the next morning my husband came for me. When he walked into the

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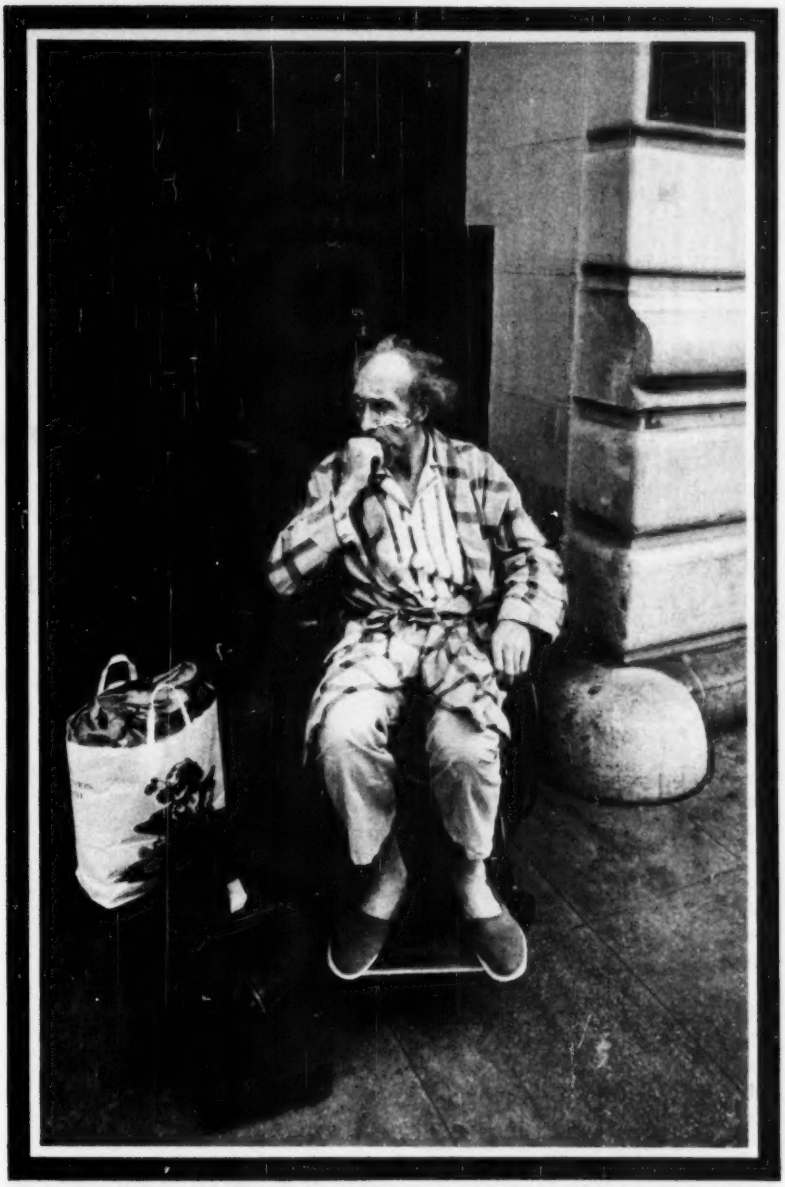
Contributing Editor Barthel, a former staff writer for Life, *is very concerned about health insurance. She has none.*



Photographs by Jill Freedman

lounge, he was grinning. He said that when he'd gone to the cashier to check me out, he'd seen the admitting office form. Across the top, handwritten in large letters, it said HAS NO INSURANCE. DOCTOR SAYS ADMIT ANYWAY.

I write more in anger than in sorrow, though I've known that too, and in a spirit of bewilderment easily equal to that of HEW Secretary Caspar Weinberger, who has said he doesn't know why hospital rates in New York are $150 a day. Two years ago, just before Thanksgiving, I sat in a darkened room at Columbia Presbyterian, at the bedside of a friend I loved a lot. I was hypnotically staring at the sheet over her chest, watching it heave ever so slowly up and down, when they brought me a message to call Accounting. Accounting was apologetic but firm: Eleanor's bill had not been paid for a week and a half; more than $3000 was overdue. I panicked; would they put her out of her room? ("No!" the night nurse promised me fiercely. "Her doctor won't let them. Don't worry.") I worried anyway. She was not old enough for Medicare; though she'd worked for *The New York Times* for 13 years and had their good group insurance, major medical and all, the cancer she'd had for two years had put her in and out of the hospital several times, and the insurance was running out. She died a few days after that call, just in time. Had she lingered another week or two or three, who knows? Perhaps the amount would have gone into the hospital's bad debts ledger, to be paid indirectly, sooner or later, by raising the price of a room or a Librium tablet. Perhaps the case would have been turned over to a collection agency specializing in medical accounts. At a convention in Atlanta last year I picked up the brochure of Medical Account Service, a Montgomery, Alabama agency, that gave helpful advice for such a sticky situation as trying to collect from the family of a dead patient. ". . .begin the conversation by expressing sympathy for their loss . . . offer to accept installments." If this doesn't work, MAS is ready to help with "a simple, persistent, scientifically applied procedure" and if, presumably when, it collects, will split with the doctor or hospital, 50-50.

On the other hand, have you heard the one about the doctor who is so sympathetic that when a patient can't afford the operation, he touches up the X-rays?

A woman in Delaware, age 24, had her first baby, a healthy boy. Then they found out she had a rare blood disease and gave her massive transfusions. She died, though, when her son was 16 days old. Her husband, a 25-year-old law clerk, took the baby to her parents' home, along with a bill for $30,000. His insurance didn't cover the cost of blood.

Other horror stories abound. "It is not unusual for us," says a doctor at Cook County General, "to have patients dumped on us from private hospitals with a little note saying, 'His insurance benefits have run out, but he is a good patient, and please do the best you can.' " In Miami a family gathers to discuss the medical bills of the mother, old and very sick. After talking a while the father says, "I have a solution," goes into her bedroom, shoots her, then himself. From the living room of my New York apartment I can see a low white building, part of New York University Medical Center, where a Cornell student did time after being hurt playing football. Paralyzed from the neck down. Medical bills for the first five months: over $40,000. Expected to run over $6000 a month for the rest of his life. Age: 20. Irony: father an insurance agent. Had

group insurance, major medical. Ran out. Family on the verge of selling house, becoming poor, in order to qualify for Medicaid, a government program described in *The Case for American Medicine* as "a hypochondriac's heaven." When interviewed, patient exhibited few hypochondriacal tendencies. Too busy learning to turn pages of a book with his chin.

About 50 bills dealing with national health insurance have been introduced in this year's Congress. About 50 bills dealing with national health insurance were introduced in last year's Congress, too, and almost as many the year before that. In fact, there have been so many bills dealing with health insurance introduced in Congress the past few years that they are running out of sponsors. Eighty-five senators are currently sponsoring one health bill or another. The Nixon Administration is drafting a new version of its old health insurance bill, and House hearings are imminent on various health bills, including the Kennedy-Griffiths bill, first introduced in the summer of 1970. As you can see, it is a very good year for health insurance bills. Nevertheless, if I had to choose, I would pick last year as an even better year. A fantastic year. A national election year. Ted Kennedy wrote a book last year, *In Critical Condition*, saying there was a grave health-care crisis in this country, telling such real-life stories as that of the Cornell student to illustrate the country's need for national health insurance. A number of other people wrote books; those who didn't write books wrote articles or made speeches or introduced health bills in Congress, and some people even did all of these things. Of all the bills in Congress, five, possibly six, were taken most seriously. (The borderline case was Senator Russell Long's catastrophe insurance bill, which sounded fine until you read the fine print, which explained you had to pay for the first 60 days in a hospital, and 25% of all costs after that. One man's catastrophe comes as a mild inconvenience to a Louisiana millionaire). Last year, for the first time since the Truman Campaign in 1948, national health insurance began to sound like a plausible, feasible, everyday idea; "an idea whose time had come." (J. Javits). Reform was in the air. Excitement! Maybe middle-income people would soon be able to die as conveniently as the rich, or as routinely as the very poor. I went to Atlanta to hear all about it, at the 35th Annual Assembly of the Southeastern Hospital Conference.

Although it was my first medical convention, made up mostly of hospital administrators, I recognized certain fixed points. There were jokes and invocations, some tedium, some controversy. The first speaker to mention national health insurance was former HEW Secretary Robert Finch, who warmed up his audience ("I know someone who was such a loser, he got a kidney transplant from a bedwetter") before talking up the Administration's plan to set up HMOs (Health Maintenance Organizations), an arrangement involving prepaid fees to doctors in group practice.

Other voices, other bills: E.G. Marshall, the actor, was for the Kennedy bill, known as the Health Security Act, sponsored in the House by Representative Martha Griffiths, with organized labor backing. A man from the health insurance industry, which was sponsoring a National Healthcare Act. Dr. Carl Hoffman of the American Medical Association, who talked about the AMA plan, Medicredit, and said that the Kennedy bill would cost too much and that HMO meant government control. Kenneth Williamson of the American Hospital Association was for the fifth major bill, Ameriplan. "The Kennedy bill is likely to have the greatest popular appeal," he said. "We think there are some good things in it, some ungood. The AMA bill is sheer self-interest."

At a cocktail party that night, the nuances of the various health bills were discussed. I gathered that four of the bills required proof of financial need, to a greater or lesser degree; Kennedy-Griffiths would provide comprehensive health care to all, regardless of financial status. Four bills preached the need for changes in the health care system, to a greater or lesser degree; Medicredit mostly preached the need for pulling the wagons up in a circle around the White House. Four of the bills used private insurance carriers; Kennedy-Griffiths used a blend of general revenue and Social Security taxes. There was general agreement that Kennedy-Griffiths was the broadest in scope, Medicredit the narrowest, though beyond that there was enormous disagreement on how much the various bills would cost and on how much medical care people had a right to, anyway. I knew doctors were arguing about that issue as well. A young Boston surgeon, Robert M. Sade had recently

One firm offers advice for "such a sticky situation as trying to collect from the family of a dead patient"

branded as "immoral" the concept of health care as a right, insisting that health care was like a loaf of bread, an object to be sold to those who could afford to buy. Then another doctor called Dr. Sade immoral, and lots of names were called back and forth. At the party, I chatted a long while with E.C. Bramlett, administrator of the Mobile, Alabama, Infirmary. "I don't believe that people want to get medical care as a right, do you?" he asked smoothly. "With Medicare you get all these old crooks coming in with a pain in their chests, a backache. . ." He shook his head ruefully. "Now we're getting blamed for not rendering care in certain areas. Well, if the rural people are too stupid to get on a bus and come in to get medical care . . ."

I had come to Atlanta in search of the health-care crisis, and I had surely found it. When the moderator at one morning panel read a telegram that confirmed it—"The delivery of proper health care to all Americans is one of the most important challenges that our nation faces . . . Spiro Agnew"—I was positively euphoric, and in that blithe spirit I strolled the exhibit hall at lunch time, marveling at the sights.

I saw hospital beds moving up and down by themselves. A cut-away section of the human heart in three colors (possibly four, it's hard to tell). A blonde slumped over in a chair, her mouth gaping open, eyes closed. Another blonde, this one alive, handing out buttons: KISS ME I'M GERM FREE. Glossy chrome wheelchairs, stacks of surgeons' gloves, Fleet enemas row on row, as far as the glazed eye could see. Buoyantly, confidently (and, in retrospect, unwisely) I stopped by the exhibit of Searle Medidata, to be interviewed by its computer.

WHAT IS YOUR MAIN REASON FOR BEING HERE?

1. a medical problem
2. a surgical problem
3. an emotional problem
4. I need advice
5. an examination

I pushed the buttons for one and three. The computer asked about jogging (I said no), how much I drank, when I drank it and what it was (wine? beer? gin or vodka? whisky or rum? something else? I pressed number three). We got into concussion, skull fracture, stroke, brain tumor, convulsions, migraine, psoriasis, eczema, scarring burns, recurring boils. Some of the items were very scary, but the computer tried to be reassuring. IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD OF IT YOU HAVEN'T HAD IT. The dialogue turned to anger, my sex life, suicide, and whether I'd cheated in my answers. The computer printout was interesting and pretty accurate, except where it said—I'm not making this up—that I'd had an "unspecified tropical disease." The friendly Searle man watching me said the computer leased for $1500 a month; in my reflex response to salesmen, I almost said I'd think it over.

Before I left Atlanta, I sat around in the game room of a suburban ranch house, listening to a handful of people from the convention unwind. There was talk about why prices are so high.

"Equipment," someone said. "Next time you go to a hospital, you take a flashlight, go down to the basement, see all the stuff the Federal government says they have to have to get Medicare payments. Or the stuff a hospital gets pressured by a senior surgeon to buy—they buy it, then they forget how to use it."

"They'll tell you Medicare is a burden," someone said. "But they're lyin'. Medicare has been the biggest boon to medicine since they found out they could

operate on people. A broken hip is a challenge to a doctor, but believe me, he accepts that challenge much more graciously if he knows he'll get paid for it. You drive from New York to San Diego and find me a hospital that hasn't put on an addition since Medicare."

"Bureaucracy," someone muttered. "All that paperwork." Someone turned to him. "You ever get to Louisiana? In Louisiana there's nothing that doesn't have a price on it." Someone questioned that. "Listen," the first man said emphatically. "I know what I'm talking about. I'm talking about kickbacks. I'm talking about *money changing hands*."

"I know my products are not overpriced. I also know one manufacturer whose mark up is 327%."

Someone mentioned the rising cost of malpractice insurance, usually passed on to the patient. (Dr. Denton Cooley, the heart man, pays $65,000 a year in insurance premiums). "The number one health problem in this country is not enough adequately trained physicians," someone else said. "I've sold equipment to surgeons where I've thought, God help his patients. When I worked for one drug company, we were told we knew more about endocrinology than most doctors we called on."

One man turned to me. "You know the biggest thing in the hospital field today? Profit-making hospitals, chains of them. Vultures! They take the easy cases, they make a god-damn killing. Doctors own some, corporations—like Holiday Inn—own some." I knew some profit-making hospitals were said to be good enough, but I also remembered that when my friend Eleanor was in Leroy Hospital in New York, before she'd gone up to Columbia Presbyterian, she'd emerged from the anesthetic after surgery to find herself being propped up in bed, her checkbook and a pen being handed to her. I reached for another drink.

I left Atlanta very late that night, tired but optimistic, awaiting sure passage of a national health insurance bill. Along with all of you out there in electionland, I'm still waiting.

I do not wait, however, while pregnant. I was back at my own hospital, Beth Israel, within a week after the episode I've described. This time a two-day stay totalled $559.75. Counting the doctor's and anesthetist's fees, my miscarriage at the seven-week stage cost about $1200. We are still in debt to the hospital, waiting until they itemize the lab bill for that first night, $120. One night! Some blood, some urine, nothing more. $120! Although we've had a letter urging us to pay because they consider my friendship their "most valuable asset," we've had no explanation that we consider sufficient. Maybe I got the explanation in advance from Mr. Bramlett. "I have built into my price structure enough profit to take care of bad debts," he told me in Atlanta. "If a hospital has a lot of bad debts or a lot of charity cases, there's only one place they can get their money from. You." He paused. "I hear they're clobberin' you in New York," he'd added cheerfully.

My point is not that all, nor even most, hospitals and doctors are dishonest; in 14 years in New York, I have encountered only one crook, a doctor who padded my bill and, when I questioned it, sneered, "What's the matter, you have insurance, don't you?" Nor is my point merely one of personal pique: although I have had encounters with one man who practices the Robin Hood theory of medicine so popular among doctors, in which he charges what he thinks you can readily pay. (Unhappily for me, he is sometimes wrong.) I like lots of doctors, including our internist, whom we've known for 10 years and my gynecologist (for 13). Most of the administrators and other medical people I met in Atlanta seemed as dismayed by high medical costs as I am: D. O. McClusky Jr., administrator of Druid City Hospital in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, even advocates a "certificate of need" law to prohibit hospital overbuilding.

An encounter with a doctor who practices "the Robin Hood theory of medicine"

My point is simply that for all our great expectations, nothing has changed. Even before the last election, with Ted Kennedy and the health issue safely on the shelf, HEW Secretary Elliot Richardson was denying that HMO was ever intended to be the answer, but was merely an "interesting alternative." Alas poor Finch, we knew him well; Richardson's successor, Caspar Weinberger, a man not idly known as "Cap the Knife," was slashing health budgets and impounding health funds already appropriated by Congress at such a dazzling rate that the child-health director of the Public Health Service quit in protest. Last June, at the AMA convention, I saw the Florida doctors running around in orange jackets, all dressed up to look like the little fellow in the Sunkist ad, while one of them deplored giving contraceptive

information to young people, lest it lead to "giving the IUD to Girl Scouts and putting the pill in cereal boxes." Dr. Russell B. Roth was inaugurated as the new AMA President; he pledged to lobby harder against the Kennedy-Griffiths bill.

Admittedly, some piecemeal action has been taken. Medicare has been extended to cover permanently disabled people under 65, and kidney patients; an end may be in sight to that obscene game kidney people had to play, who-gets-the-dialysis? Now the game is, which disease will be covered next? Elsewhere, there is at least the appearance of action: the new Administration bill, which may actually *increase* one's taxable income by including health insurance premiums paid by employers. ("The Watergate mentality," someone calls it. "Take a tougher line than ever. Brazen it out.") Senator Long is putting together a newer bill, which retains the 60-day deductible and is co-sponsored by Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff, who is running for re-election a year from now in the "insurance state." Spurred by Long-Ribicoff, the Kennedy health forces are tooling up again, recently joined by, of all people, Nixon's former surgeon-general. Meantime, most Americans covered by health insurance seem unconcerned. "I tell people, 'you're playing Russian roulette with your health,' " E. G. Marshall told me. "You're all counting on something catastrophic happening to the next guy."

Well, what's a middle-income mother to do? A month ago my husband quit his job, leaving the frustrations of the rat race and the security of group insurance to become a free-lance, thus unemployed, photographer. I am delighted, excited, terrified; we have no health insurance. (Now do you understand about that wretched computer? Jack Anderson says there exists a secret data bank, somewhere near Boston, where the health records of 11 million Americans are stashed for insurance companies seeking to weed out high risks. Think about it. Would you sell health insurance to a non-jogging gin drinker with an emotional problem and an unspecified tropical disease?)

Even when I get health insurance, it will cost about $1000 a year for basic, standard protection. Major medical up to a lifetime ceiling of $30,000; beyond that, God forbid.

For now, I sit around being terrified, opening letters from Art Linkletter that offer to sell me health insurance by mail that will pay me, *maybe*, if I get sick, $26.67 a day. And I wonder a lot.

I wonder how we got so immersed in a health system that so many people, from doctors to hospital dishwashers, feel isn't working well. I wonder why we are so caught up in what Dr. John Knowles calls "the flashing knives syndrome," which emphasizes romantic, dramatic surgery over day-to-day preventive care.

I still wonder why costs are getting so incredibly out of hand. When I'm told it's mostly because labor costs have risen so, I wonder why the workers at the Mobile Infirmary only get $1.65 an hour.

I wonder why we think we can't afford a medical system which would give care to anyone who needed it, anytime. I wonder why people scream "socialized medicine," when we talk of supporting medical care for all our people with our taxes, yet when we support education for all our children with our taxes, nobody screams "socialized schools."

I wonder why it is taking so long; why we—and I don't mean just my family and me—must live from election year to election year surrounded by doomsday dreams. ●

Picking a winner in
The Agnew Open

If Agnew leaves office, who would you like to see Nixon appoint as Vice President?

Sam Ervin,
U.S. Senator, North Carolina, chooses:
Howard Baker
"This is their business over there entirely. But I'd settle for Howard Baker actually."

Barbara Mikulski,
Councilwoman, Baltimore:
Sargent Shriver
"He helped start the Peace Corps. He organized OEO. He brought maximum feasible participation of the consumer to our society. He would be a real people's ambassador."

Barry Goldwater,
U.S. Senator, Arizona:
Ronald Reagan

Jack Valenti,
former aide to President Lyndon B. Johnson; now president, Motion Picture Association of America:
John Connally
"One of the ablest men I know. By sheer competence alone, it has to be him."

Jack Valenti

John Connally

Jules Feiffer,
writer, artist:
Bebe Rebozo
"Why not make it official?"

Phillis Diller,
comedienne:
Ruby Keeler
"She's got both feet on the ground and they both tap. I've had enough of the other kind of tapping."

Clive Barnes,
critic, *The New York Times*:
Henry Kissinger
"He is a man of some stature and agreeable to both Houses. He is an interesting case because he is eligible for the vice presidency, but not eligible for the presidency because he is foreign-born."

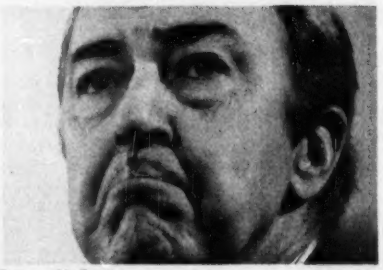
Marion Rother,
gum-counter clerk at Spiro Agnew's tennis club, Bethesda, Maryland:
Howard Baker
"Because he's honest."

Eugene McCarthy,
former U.S. Senator:
Pat Nixon

John E. Marlow,
spokesman for 150,000 public housing tenants, Chicago:
Charles Percy
"He'll do a heck of a job. He's a man of integrity, and he'd also make an awful nice president."

Dr. Benjamin Spock,
pediatrician, former presidential candidate:
Archibald Cox
"He is relatively incorruptible."

Jane DeCell,
schoolteacher, Greenville, Mississippi:
Scoop Jackson
"I would like to see him as president, too."



Eugene McCarthy

Pat Nixon

Flip Wilson,
comedian:
Geraldine
"Imagine the shock when a politician admits for the first time that what you see is what you get."

Barbara Wilkins,
housewife, Beverly Hills:
Elliott Richardson
"I think he's honest, but who knows? He's never been in a job more than 45 minutes."

William B. Saxbe,
U.S. Senator, Ohio:
William B. Saxbe
"It is a question of what the Republicans want and what they are going to get. They want somebody in there who would be a presidential candidate. I doubt the Democratic majority in Congress would approve that. So it will have to be a middle-of-the-road guy."

Frances "Sissy" Farenthold,
Democratic politician, Texas
Shirley Chisholm:
"She'd respect the constitution. She's as up to it as any of them and she would bring a new equation into the picture."

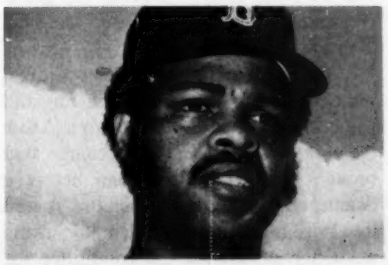
Reverend Iberus Hacker,
President of the
Sons and Daughters of Liberty, Chicago:
Herold Hughes
"Senator Hughes has both the personal integrity and the politics that I agree with. He is aggressive. I admire that. I also admire his being an admitted alcoholic."

Rita Krank,
Executive Director, 4-H Foundation, Fargo, North Dakota:
John Connally
"He has done all right in Texas, but as it stands you wonder if anyone could help the situation."

Josh Greenfeld,
writer:
Richard Nixon
"That was our worst mistake. We never should have let him become president in the first place. He wasn't a problem as vice president."

Dick Cavett,
TV talk-show host:
Judy Agnew

Robert Shelton,
Imperial Wizard, United Klans of America:
Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith
"I'd like to see somebody basically American for a change, rather than somebody who can't even speak English. I get sick and tired of people ignoring the Smiths and the Joneses."


Reggie Smith

Julian Bond

Reggie Smith,
outfielder, Boston Red Sox:
Julian Bond
"He has some of the insight this country needs."

John Kenneth Galbraith,
writer, Harvard economist:
John Sherman Cooper
"He would pass unanimously and nobody would suspect him of further ambitions. My lowest choice would be John Connally, just below E. Howard Hunt."

Weird Harold Rubin,
self-proclaimed porno king of Chicago:
Justice William O. Douglas
"'Cause he's a pretty hep guy. He's articulate and he knows the constitution."

Barbara Howar,
writer:
Fritz Mondale
"Fritz Mondale has got some integrity."

Jane Wenger,
cab driver, Chicago:
Jane Fonda
"Wouldn't it be marvelous? It's such a ridiculous job and she's such a ridiculous choice for it."

Walter Heller,
professor, University of Minnesota:
Jacob Javits
"What the President needs is as nonpolitical a Republican as he can get. Someone who could help reconcile the deep cleavages and somebody absolutely above reproach and suspicion."

Marvin Gardner,
professor, North Dakota State University:
Barry Goldwater
"We need a rabblerouser and a terrifically good cleaner-upper in this administration. Whoever gets the vice presidency now needs to have cleaner hands than anyone in Washington, and no one has ever besmirched Barry's reputation. And they've tried."

Billie Jean King,
tennis star:
Snoopy

Winston Moore,
Warden of the Cook County jail, Chicago:
James Thompson
"As U.S. Attorney here, he's proved he's honest and he's bright. He just might bring some integrity back to the office."

Gus Johnson,
cafe owner, Greenville, Mississippi:
John Connally
"He's willing to change parties to express his convictions. He's a man of strong convictions and you don't have anybody like that anymore."

Harvey Tackett,
Sheriff, Washington County, Mississippi:
Ronald Reagan
"I like his conservative political views. His views are more in line with mine than anyone else in Republican politics."

Pat Paulsen,
comedian and former presidential candidate:
Duane Thomas
"Because he's good at kickbacks."

Clive Barnes

Henry Kissinger

Julia Child,
the French chef:
No choice
"I'm looking at things from a practical point of view, from Nixon's point of view. If he would appoint somebody too attractive, they'll impeach him. He'd be better off sticking with Agnew because now he is besmirched and people won't want to get rid of Nixon. But if Agnew does step down he would not want somebody vivid or attractive like Rockefeller or Goldwater. It would have to be a person minor and offensive, another Agnew type. It's so dreary."

Arthur Miller,
playwright:
Charles Percy
"He seems less harmful than the rest."

"Do you think Sinatra's giving him advice?"

By Thomas Thompson

Palm Springs should have a do-not disturb sign hanging on its city limits. It is the Republican Dream. It is money, power, streaked-blonde women, hedonistic and boring. It is impossible to imagine an original idea or a provocative thought being discussed here. Its hospital is named for Eisenhower, two of its principle boulevards for Bob Hope and Frank Sinatra. Its civic problems are scant. Even the hippies who congregate nightly at the principle downtown intersection seem well-washed, their jeans, perhaps, from one of the smart shops. The notion occurs that their fathers are probably William Morris agents and if they get tired of the bus-stop bench they could go home to a $250,000 glass house in the nearby neighborhood where Liberace and Elvis Presley and George Hamilton live.

It is appropriate that Spiro Agnew should find refuge here in the bosom of the district's most celebrated man, Frank Sinatra, whose photograph hangs in restaurants, locker rooms and haberdasheries the way the Pope's does in Rome. The Vice President of the United States is a man on fire, a man on the run, and once anybody is in Palm Springs, within the soothing green oasis, locked away by eternal deserts and the towering San Jacinto Mountains, the real world is very far away.

The citizens of Palm Springs are solidly behind Agnew, not unsurprising since the area is overwhelmingly conservative. In the 1972 Presidential election, George McGovern's office operated out of a dingy, hard-to-find storefront in the wrong end of town. Nixon headquarters were located on the main street, next door to Saks Fifth Avenue.

Agnew has come and gone so often in recent months that his presence goes unremarked. An inquiring visitor to a tennis club a few days ago had to encourage talk of the Vice President and his predicament. "He's welcome here," said a ripe woman past 40, named Sylvia. "It's a shame that all this happened because I really assumed he would become President someday, then retire out here and give us a lot of publicity and make our land values go up." Her companion, a financier from Beverly Hills who asked that his name not be printed, smiled, perfectly capped teeth dazzling in the 105-degree desert sun. "It's positively Machiavellian," he said. "They need to hang somebody to take the shadow away from Nixon's neck and they picked Spiro." But who is "they?" Does he mean the Republican Attorney General of the United States? Perfect Teeth shook his head negatively. "The boys in Washington. Dig into it and you'll see what I mean."

Spiro and Sinatra on the golf course the weekend of the speech to G.O.P. women.

Agnew's blustering stance seems to have touched an American nerve, if Palm Springs is part of America. Out of 20-some people interviewed in the bars and spas of Palm Springs, there was *unanimous* agreement that Agnew is the victim of leaks, unsubstantiated charges and trial by publicity. Not one person felt Agnew was either (1) guilty of anything or (2) receiving the traditional American fair shake. Since Agnew once alerted the American people to what he considered the one-sidedness of the American press, he is now reaping support of the "see-I-told-you-so" variety. His speech before Republican women in Los Angeles was not only smash, but socko, in Palm Springs.

At the Casa Vega, a restaurant where Lucille Ball and Truman Capote can often be seen eating tacos, a stylish, mauve-haired woman named Grace Klein confessed that she had driven around that afternoon near the Sinatra Compound, "just to see if anything was going on." All she saw were the walls, rented Secret Service cars and sweltering guards. "I wonder what they do in there?" she asked. "Do you think Sinatra's giving him advice?"

One female film star, who several months ago attended a Saturday night dinner party inside the compound, with Agnew in attendance, told friends that the evening was "beautiful food, marvelous wine and sleepy-time talk about golf scores and movie deals." There was laughter about the elaborately embroidered pillows in the Sinatra guest cottages, their legend facetiously reading, "You're leaving on Sunday, aren't you?" But there was no discussion of politics or war or scandal or the price of gasoline or hamburgers. "It was the same kind of evening you get at Hal and Martha Wallis' house," she said. "Perfect. Perfectly boring."

But the observer of Sinatra might remember that when a New England gangster suggested a year or two ago that the singer had Mafia ties, a charge that brought him under subpeona before a Senate crime committee, Sinatra roared into Washington like Lear denouncing the wind. He devastated the committee for even suggesting that he, a first-class citizen and possessor of fame and fortune, could be linked to the testimony of a second-class pug. Never did an offense so shatter a defense. The Senators wound up apologizing to Frank and their secretaries squealed and sought his signature.

Perhaps the moral is: If a man cries "Foul" and "Innocent" long enough and loud enough, it becomes easier and easier to believe him.

Thomas Thompson, Contributing Editor and author of Hearts *and* Richie, *has lived in Palm Springs, California.*

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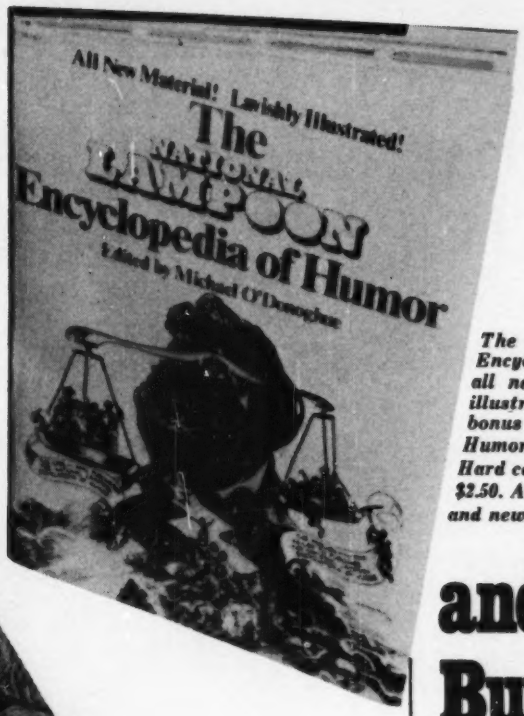

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"If I was playin' poker with Richard Nixon, I'd want to count the cards"

By Joe Nawrozki

It is Friday night in Al Flora's Sports Bar in Arbutus, Md., and people are arriving to party hard. They are workers from the aluminum plant down the road and from the distilling firm about a mile away. Some are nurses from a nearby hospital and some are policemen and most of them are politically in love with Spiro Ted Agnew.

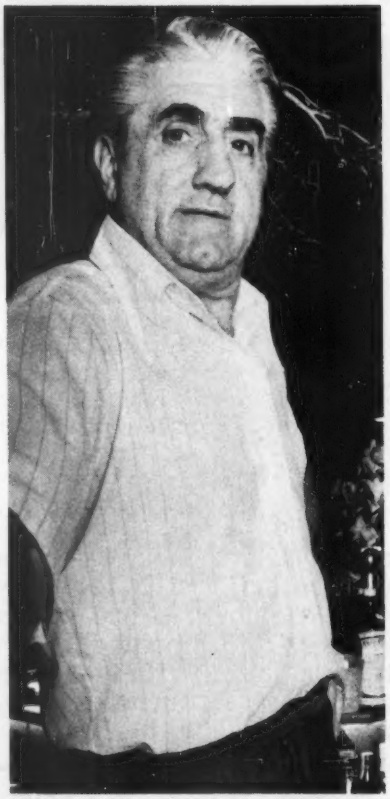
In the back is the proprietor's office, which damn near borders on being a shrine to the Vice President. An entire wall is filled with photos of Al and Spiro smiling and shaking hands in the Executive Office Building. Wood placques hold letters written by Spiro to Al, thanking him for his support. Even Al's son has met the Veep. The proof is right there on the wall.

And at the desk is Al Flora. The first thing you notice is that his nose is pushed way to the left. It got that way from other men hitting it. Al Flora is an ex-prizefighter.

Al Flora comes out of the Pennsylvania coal mine country. He combs his steel grey hair back, parted almost in the middle. He is wearing a blue-and-white shirt with the collar pulled out over the jacket of his blue suit and he takes a pocketful of change and plays with it in hands that are very, very large.

And, by God, Albert Flora would still go 10 rounds with the man who would question Spiro Agnew's loyalty to this country.

Here, people are not at all interested in procedural issues or impeachment precedent or constitutional questions. Al and his customers say they're convinced that their idol is being framed by "that little devil in the White House who bullies his staff people right there on the television and everything." And have they changed their minds about *him.*



Al Flora in his Baltimore Sports Bar, which is a kind of shrine to Spiro T. Agnew. Al says the VP keeps in touch.

"If I was playin' poker with Richard Nixon," Al jumps out of his chair and announces, "I'd want to count the cards."

"Mr. Agnew can't be the Pope . . . nobody can . . . but he has had the nerve to talk out how he feels in his heart and that White House crowd don't like it . . . he's given the middle-road guys a voice down in Washington."

Agnew has maintained communication with Al during The Crisis. He has sent Flora six letters, two of which thank him for billboard posters Al has put up in downtown Baltimore. "Keep on punching, Ted," the latest poster reads.

"When I went down to meet him in his office, it was like it gave him a chance to escape from all that formality," Al remembers. "He's a plain guy. I just went in and hit him lightly on the shoulder and jackpotted with him. Before I left, I called him champ and I hit him on the ass like fighters do and he loved it.

"That man is gonna fight. He's presidential stuff."

Out around the bar are people like Harry Jeffra, the former bantamweight, and featherweight contender. "I like simple people," Jeffra is saying. "I like the Vice President because he's the kind of guy who can take off his shoes and get right down to it, you know what I mean?

"Politics is like the fight game . . . the Vice President ain't gonna quit fighting, because he's innocent and he's got guts. He's still a person, not a machine."

A few of the others hunched over Seven and Sevens or Budweisers mention Percy or Reagan when talk gets around to a possible successor to Spiro. But they quickly add that Agnew is innocent and he's a native of Baltimore County and, god dammit, he's going to pull this thing out and become the very next American Political Hero.

"Nixon is a ruthless man," one beer drinker says. "Now Nixon doesn't have any problems like he had recently. He's throwin' Spiro to the wolves."

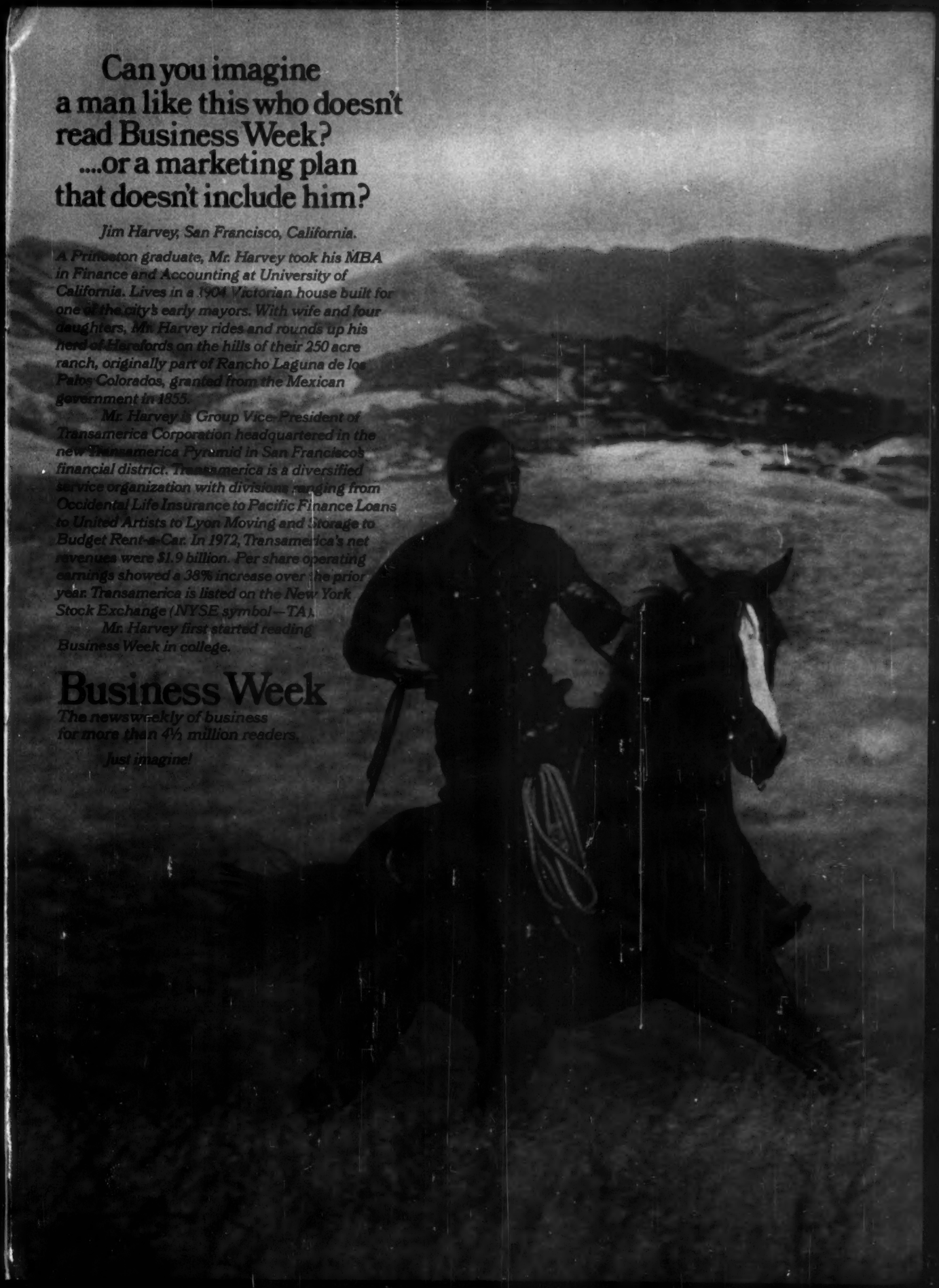
"Spiro could fool everyone," says Peter Dafnis, a furniture dealer. "He could go to trial and be found innocent. An exoneration would easily win him the presidency in 1976. He would be a folk hero for middle America."

But what if, you know, he were found guilty?

"That would break my heart," says a man who is drinking tomato juice and National Beer.

"It would break my heart so much that I think I would go on a week's bender. Yeah, ol' Al would do one hell of a business if that ever happened." ●

Joe Nawrozki, NEW TIMES' *Baltimore correspondent, has received six Hearst newspaper writing awards in 10 years.*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A Princeton graduate, Mr. Harvey took his MBA in Finance and Accounting at University of California. Lives in a 1904 Victorian house built for one of the city's early mayors. With wife and four daughters, Mr. Harvey rides and rounds up his herd of Herefords on the hills of their 250 acre ranch, originally part of Rancho Laguna de los Palos Colorados, granted from the Mexican government in 1855.
Mr. Harvey is Group Vice-President of Transamerica Corporation headquartered in the new Transamerica Pyramid in San Francisco's financial district. Transamerica is a diversified service organization with divisions ranging from Occidental Life Insurance to Pacific Finance Loans to United Artists to Lyon Moving and Storage to Budget Rent-a-Car. In 1972, Transamerica's net revenues were $1.9 billion. Per share operating earnings showed a 38% increase over the prior year. Transamerica is listed on the New York Stock Exchange (NYSE symbol—TA).
Mr. Harvey first started reading Business Week in college.
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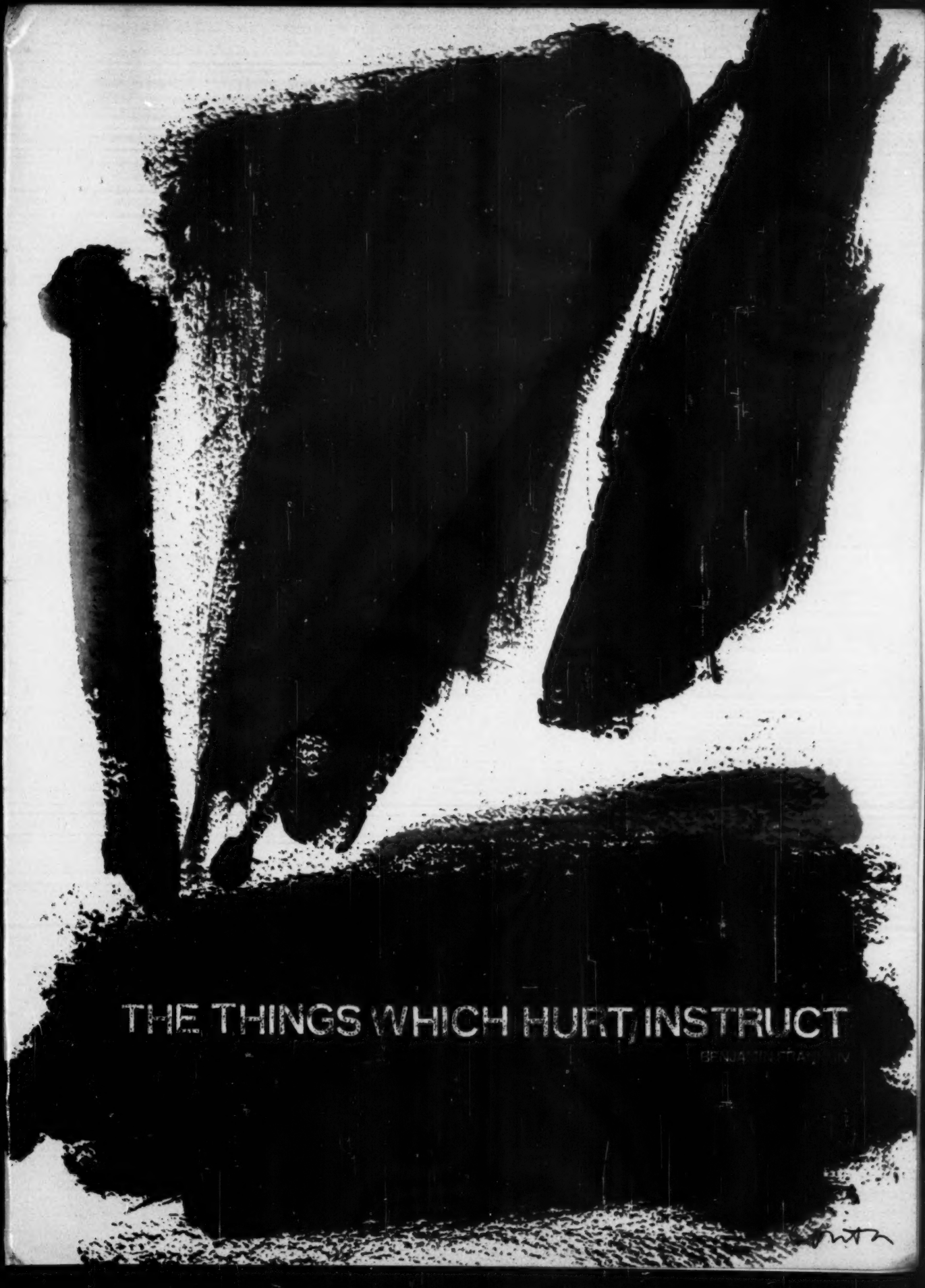
THE THINGS WHICH HURT, INSTRUCT

PHOTOGRAPH BY STANLEY TRETICK

How the chairman of the Watergate Committee was lured, not by a White House ploy but by his own ego, into buffoonery

Hang down your head, Sam Ervin

By Marshall Frady

He has returned to Washington, a tinge of autumn in the sunsets now, as the presiding elder of the Watergate Hearings' last ceremonies. In the mild evenings, he walks from the Wong Cleaners to his spare, two-bedroom apartment, passing the grand glimmering loam of the Supreme Court, with his laundry under his arm. According to a counsel on Senator Sam Ervin's committee, "Most of the other members came back with the feeling that a mood of national calamity had been prolonged too long." And Ervin himself, says an aide, "is inclined now, though reluctantly, to ease away from Nixon a little bit. After all, he was touching the very bowels of the presidency there for a while."

But more than that, it would seem that Ervin has at last sensed and accepted that the summer hearings' higher, larger drama—when they turned into a Constitutional revival meeting, a confessional and redemptive national pentacost—is now simply spent and over with. During that time, Ervin came in the popular eye to be pitted, more than anyone else, against the awesome personage of the President of the United States. And that confrontation brought to Ervin—at virtually the last moment of a political career passed in comfortable and serene obscurity—a sudden continental celebrity.

"This was an absolutely new business for him," admits one of his aides, "and left him sort of bewildered and dislocated." Another Ervin admirer recently observed, "Our society, this pop civilization, has found that the fastest way in the world to immobilize and blast any honest prophet or artist is just to surround him with the media's bright mirrors. Sooner or later it's too much for any man."

It became too much for Senator Sam when he went home to Morganton, North Carolina, for the Watergate recess.

No sooner had the hearings paused last August, than the White House mounted its massive public offensive to diminish, trivialize, dismiss the whole business. In the meantime, Ervin receded back down into the quiet of his origins in North Carolina's highland country. He settled himself into his small home town as comfortably as if it were an old porch rocker. In his 1967 black, 97,000-mile Chrysler, he drove himself every morning from his house—a low tidy brick residence set close to the street on the same block where he was born Sept. 27, 1896—to his office in the musty hind quarters of an antique building across from the courthouse. He would climb to his few bleak second-floor rooms, the only notice on the door being a taped-on leftover campaign sticker lettered "Sam Ervin Senator." There will likely be no new campaign stickers. "The inescapable fact," he wistfully confided one day down home, "is that I'm 77 years old, and I'd be asking people to elect me to a term that wouldn't expire until I'm 84. I don't know if that's fair."

On an afternoon when Nixon was to deliver a television address to the nation, Ervin drove over to put his own case about this moment of duress in the Republic to the ladies at a DAR luncheon. When he shambled in with a worn law book in his hand, he was greeted by his wife, a small sturdy lady known around town as Mizz Margaret. "Now why," she said with a low, distressed squeal, "did you have to bring that old book along?" He mumbled, "'Cause. Gonna speak from it." After a decorous, fork-tinkling meal in a long austere room, the assembly of matrons retired to an expansive front parlor and arranged themselves in a circle on metal-folding chairs, their pleasant, smiling faces uplifted to the Senator.

A hulking and somewhat rumpled figure, with his haze of white hair wispily adrift over his huge ham of a face, he stood before them, one hand thumb-hooked to his pants pocket, and explained, "Not only are the people required to obey the Constitution, but those who exercise its authority—they're required, too!" Then he read to them, his eyebrows furiously whisking, from an 1866 Supreme Court decision on that point, holding with both hands the law book before him at shoulder level, exactly in the manner of a country preacher intoning from the Scriptures. It was a battered, faded ancient volume on which his own aged, weathered, gnarled

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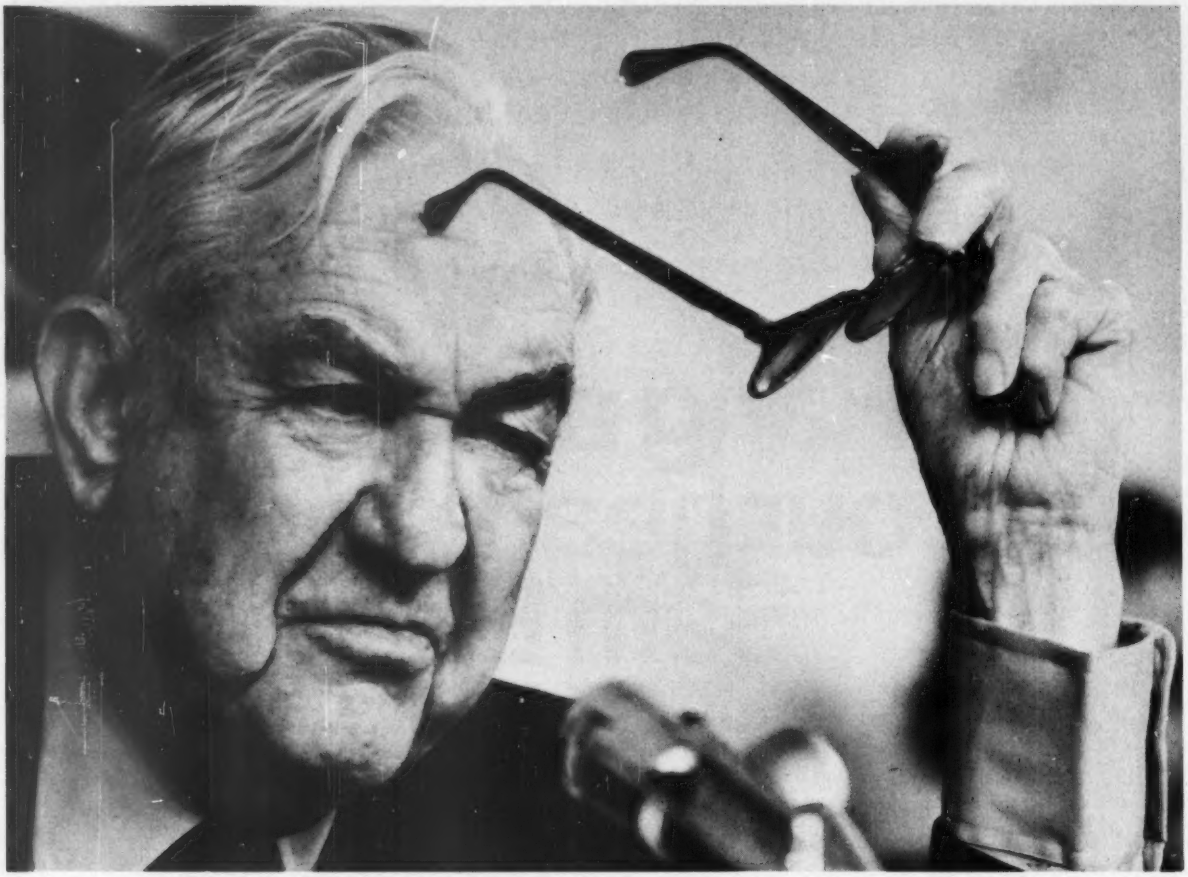
Contributing Editor Frady is completing a book on the South which he describes as "a journalistic Gone With The Wind."



Throughout all the weeks of summer hearings, Ervin was "the Druid of the proceedings—the Keeper of the Scrolls."

hands seemed naturally to belong. Finally, his head cocked back, his large eyes flared and rolling, he declared, "That's why we got to keep the power of government divided down into small fractions. Our government wasn't created to be efficient. It was created to preserve the individual . . . "

Senator Sam is an improbable anachronism in these times. In a way, he affronts all the new physics of power and consequence. Throughout the summer hearings, he presided over what promised to be an immense gear-shifting in the country's political history as if it were a citizens' meeting in the Burke County courthouse. He acted out of that tribal sense of community where transactions between men, including politics, are immediate, simple, personal matters, undenatured by technology or computers, cannily close to the earth and the common heats of mortality. He speculated about Nixon not long ago to a confidant back in Morganton, with a wink and a chortle, "Now this man might be telling the truth when he says he didn't know all that business was going on, but like I heard somebody say once, you're asking a lot when you ask somebody to believe in the untouched virginity of the madam of a bawdy house." Quietly incredulous over Nixon's slights and rebuffs and truculent behavior toward Congress through it all, Ervin can only refer to him as, "This one . . . the President . . . this man . . . "

Prior to the hearings, Ervin was singularly bereft of any heroic glamours—

> "You're asking a lot when you ask somebody to believe in the untouched virginity of the madam of a bawdy house"

as plainly and bluntly mortal as a bunion. Nevertheless, through all those weeks of testimony, Senator Sam became the Druid of the proceedings—the Keeper of the Scrolls—invoking passages from the Constitution and the Scriptures, musing aloud on the incorrigible vagaries and wiles of humankind's nature and gazing over the far corners of the Chamber, his tilted head wagging—seemingly addressing the walls and chandeliers and television lights, everything but the actual witness before him. This prompted some observers to suggest he was grandstanding. What they did not realize was that he was actually engaged, with a rapt eager savoring, in a three-way contemplation and conversation in which the witness was only a third party and he merely the second party. The other, the first party to the dialogue being invisible but larger than them both: sheer history itself, pure idea, right and wrong, and the immemorial ironies of the human animal.

In a sense, Ervin has wound up, ranged, not just against an administration but, against an entire age in America. He has always been outraged by governmental vandalisms of individual citizens' privacy. All governmental intercessions into the lives of individuals, however humanitarian, strike Ervin as nothing less than "the processes of death." Asked recently to reflect on the wisdom of the Civil Rights legislation of the '60s, which he fought against, Ervin merely grumbled, "Well, we've gotten reconciled to it. The bad thing was, so many things were regulated by men who weren't elected to anything—a faceless bureaucracy." This

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Years at Present Address | Own Home ☐ Rent ☐ | Telephone (include area code) | Number of Dependent Children | Social Security Number

Previous Home Address: Street | City | State | ZIP Code | Years there

3. Firm Name or Employer | Nature of Business | Position

Address: Street | City | State | ZIP Code

Telephone (include area code) | Years with firm | Annual Earnings $ | NOTE: If annual earnings are less than $10,000 indicate source of other income below

Amount and Source of other income

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Back home in Morganton, N.C. during the hearing recess, Ervin goes trout fishing.

myopic fundamentalism is actually the locus of Ervin's seemingly contrary and capricious obsessions over the years—filibustering against civil rights legislation while, with equal gusto, battling Federal censorship and citizens' surveillance. His ferocious testiness about the sanctity of the individual against the collective expediency has extended, at least in one case, beyond the grave: When his church congregation in Morganton was pondering whether to haul to another site, along with the building, the cemetery of their ancestors, Ervin heaved himself to his feet to blare, "Nobody ran over those folks while they were alive, and nobody's gonna run over 'em while they're dead."

Senator Sam's simplicity is both his vulnerability and his fortitude, as was apparent when he propounded to John Ehrlichman on national television last summer the fundamentals of Western law. Ehrlichman's smirking rejoinder, "I'm afraid that's become a little eroded over the years," was one of those flip and, of course, perfectly apt Madison Avenue sarcasms that made up the conventional operational wisdom within the White House. Yet against Ervin's Old Man of the Woods simplicity, the remark rang out with appalling cheapness.

Sam Ervin is himself a profoundly private man. Even the clamor of politics seems to vaguely offend his nature. Most of the offices he has held, his judgeships and even his Senate seat, he came by initially via appointment, and his re-election campaigns have been rather desultory and genteel affairs. Thus, during the recess when he found himself followed to Morganton by a churn of newsmen, he seemed startled and dazed. It was a kind of oblivious defenseless innocence which caused him, to the considerable wonder of reporters, to continually answer the phone or the door whenever they rang. After an exhaustive session with yet another gaggle of journalists in his home, he would always earnestly inquire out of neighborly solicitude before they departed: "Would y'all like to, uh, wash up back here now?" One journalist spent 15 minutes blundering through the closets in Ervin's back bedrooms before he found the bathroom.

But there are hints that Ervin's almost excruciating modesty actually muffles a ponderous vanity. His biography in the Congressional Directory was the most exhaustive of anyone's on the hill until, three years ago, his staff finally persuaded him to compress it. Then, one Tuesday this September, Ervin amiably received a very different kind of deputation of visitors in his library of his Morganton home—this one a troop of prospectors out of the hectic middle regions of show business. They were led by a plumpish, plaid-suited, kewpie-faced little man named Al Ham, who had a constant harried urgency about him. He ventured down from Manhattan in a grime-streaked Mercedes with his wife, Mary Mayo, a bright-haired and gongingly cheerful sometime-songstress who once finished second to a comedian on the Arthur Godfrey talent show. Through the good offices of two Charlotte mediums—a television news announcer, and a composer of musical scores for state beauty pageants—they had managed to prevail on Ervin to spend two days reciting various yarns and meditations for a record like that cut by the late Sen. Everett Dirksen, which they planned to hawk with the record companies.

"Our hope," said Ham, "is to get this thing out there right in time for the Christmas trade."

Ervin's staff, when they learned what was happening, was aghast. "The only word I can think of for the whole thing is gauche," said Rufus Edmisten, the senator's chief assistant and a Watergate committee counsel. One member of Ervin's Washington office explained, "We tried to persuade him against it, but it was just one of those things the senator had made up his mind he wanted to do. We couldn't do anything with him—in fact, he made it clear he didn't even want any of us around while he was with those people."

Old associates in Morganton were equally dismayed and puzzled. "It's the rankest kind of exploitation," said the

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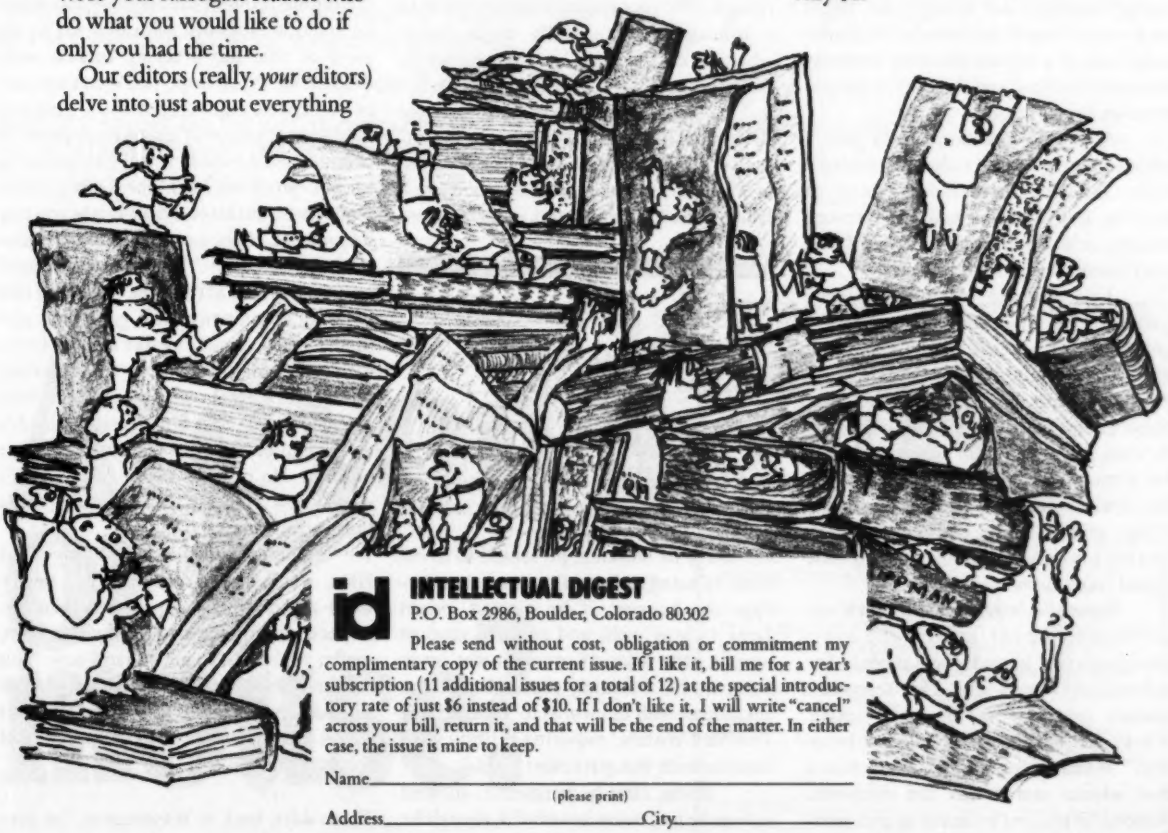

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editor of the local paper. "And be damn if I can figure out why he consented to it. This thing is totally unlike him."

Indeed, once the recording tape reels began to turn, Ham's ensemble at first had a slightly stubborn time getting Ervin to unfold and perform. The television news-announcer, a hefty and manicured man of heatless mineral soberness, gently coaxed, "Senator, do you have a favorite preacher's story, I mean, here, from the mountains?"

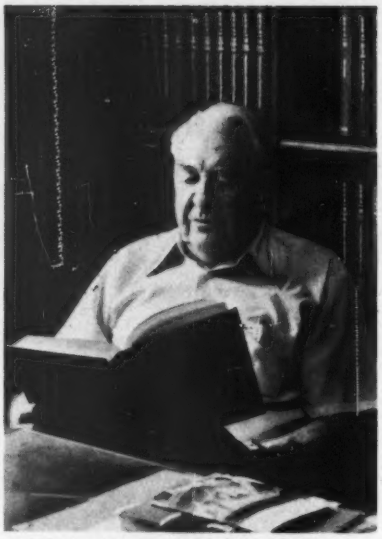
"No," Ervin dully grunted, "I don't believe I do." He did have, though, two former speeches he thought he might read—one of which had been to the graduating class of a female finishing academy in South Carolina, and the other a disquisition on Free Masonry.

At these suggestions, Ham gave a quick squinty grin that rather resembled a wince, followed by a furious flurry of blinking. But Ervin solemnly commenced reading, and when he had finished, the party burst into spirited applause.

This response seemed to have a mellowing effect on the senator. Leaning with elbows on his desk, he rummaged out a folk anecdote about a courting couple on a porch swing discussing an octopus, which ended with the maiden declaring, "G'awn, John, you aren't even using the two arms you got!" Delivering this last line, Ervin immediately flushed and gave a huge grin of suppressed naughty glee, ducking his head and doing a rapid little tickled foot shuffle.

Later, he began making some observations about marriage, a bit swoopingly and humidly sentimental, but authentically heart-felt. The songstress crooned from the couch as he spoke, "That's just beautiful, senator, just beautiful." When he concluded, there was a brief silence and finally the songstress chimed, "Why, you've made us *cry*, senator," and the young girl beside her, another member of the party, echoed, "Yes, it's true. You've made us cry."

Ervin glanced at them in slight surprise, his eyebrows shimmying, and murmured, "Uh—well, yes, I . . ."



In his hometown office, Senator Sam pores through a law book.

Through the next 15 minutes while Ervin continued and the tapes noted it all, the ladies maintained an intermittent undertone of tender sniffles. Ham turned to remark *sotto voce* behind a cupped palm to a colleague: "He's really much better when he isn't reading, just remembering and talking."

At last, only a few minutes after Ervin had declared, "I believe in the essential goodness of people, I believe the average person wants to live a good life," Ham leaned forward and, with another fine flurry of blinking, presented to Ervin some selected scripts of his own that perhaps the Senator, if he wanted, might agree to look over, and possibly read or recite a little later, of course it was up to him . . . He delicately placed before Ervin a sheet with the words to 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters,' inquiring if Ervin were familiar with that particular ballad.

> "You've got to understand now . . . we've made the senator a full recording artist"

Ervin, after he perused it, allowed as how he had never heard of it, though he offered "This does remind me of another little doggerel verse I used to know."

Ham's tight smile faltered only fleetingly, and he proposed that Ervin might like to recite that one after, perhaps, memorizing the lines that night. Ervin was pleasantly agreeable to that. As the afternoon wore on, he waxed progressively more obliging and expansive, gamely and vibrantly reading off the lines to 'Hang Down Your Head, Tom Dooley.'

Some of Ervin's people later speculated darkly that it had all been a last, cunning White House ploy to ambush Ervin's credibility by luring him by his ego into buffoonery. But it was hardly any of the sweats and lusts of politics that, later that evening, sent Ham scampering across the dining room of the Holiday Inn when he spied a journalist who had sat in on most of that day's taping session with Ervin. "We'd just hope you won't use any of—well, we'd really like to know what you might use, because if anything appears in print before we—well, it will only cause us serious problems with the record companies we want to—I mean, surely you can understand, there are professional ethics really involved in—" The journalist wound up sitting briefly at the table where the rest of Ham's company was gathered, and there ensued something like a quick fierce cat-fight, with their hectic thin wauling voices turning heads at other tables around them. The songstress, quite dry and bright of eye now, hissed, "You have no right. No right to any of it. We didn't even know you existed when we made these arrangements."

The journalist stood to leave and Ham, waving both hands swiftly downward to hush his companions, then announced in a mild, measured voice, "No, really, you've got to understand now. You see, he's been signed to a regular contract as a performing artist. He's under contract to us. We've made the senator a full recording artist."

These days, back in Washington, "he prefers not to discuss when he cut that record back in Morganton," says one of Ervin's aides. "But he still insists, 'Well, I still don't see anything wrong with it.'" ●

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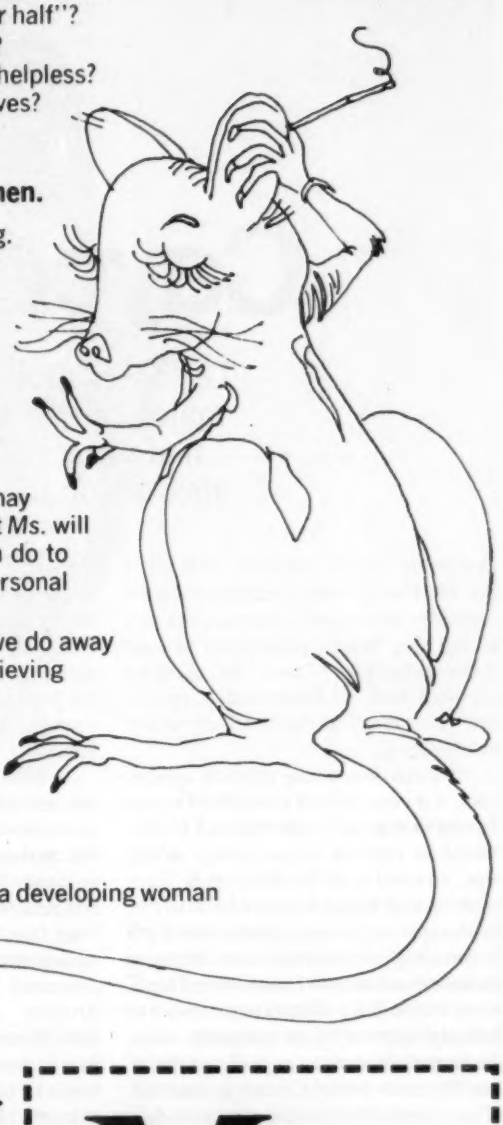

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By Dick Schaap

Cayce at the bat

The Mets' George Theodore is a psychology major and an admirer of clairvoyants. He's had some visions this season—and some theories on his team's play under pressure

Everybody around the New York Mets says that George Basil Theodore, a reserve outfielder, looks a lot like a crane. Yet they all call him "Stork," presumably because if they called him "Crane," he would be confused with Ed Kranepool, a reserve first baseman who looks a lot like a reserve first baseman.

Even discounting physical appearance, it is very difficult to confuse George Theodore with any other baseball player. Theodore majored in psychology in college, minored in philosophy, reads Tarot cards, quotes Edgar Cayce, admits to one extrasensory experience, places some faith in astrology and reincarnation, refers in casual conversation to contaminated logic, memorizes E.E. Cummings and has recently, inspired by his nickname, taken an interest in ornithology. He probably has the most cluttered mind in baseball. (This gives the Mets balance, because they have the manager with the least cluttered mind.)

All of Theodore's varied interests, with the possible exception of poetry and ornithology, made him the perfect person to observe the incredible finish to the 1973 National League East baseball season. The season came down to the tightest five-team race in the history of major-league baseball. Going into the last three scheduled days of play, there was a possibility that all five contending teams—New York, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Montreal, Chicago—could finish with records of 80-82, a five-way tie for first place. Two-way ties, three-way ties and four-way ties were also conceivable.

Obviously, the finish offered a neat blend of psychology and the occult, plus a strong sense of the absurd, all Theodore's strong suits. He found himself with the best opportunity of his life to observe men under psychological pressure. In college, his psychological observations had been confined mainly to pigeons in Skinner boxes.

Theodore could even bring a certain amount of professional detachment to his observations of the Mets under stress. His personal physical involvement was minimal. In July, before the Mets were reincarnated, he ran full speed into teammate Don Hahn, bounced off Hahn and against the outfield wall, suffered a badly dislocated hip and left the field on a stretcher, accompanied by teammates Jerry Koosman and Tug McGraw. Two days earlier, Theodore had had a dream in which he collided with Hahn, hit the wall, dislocated his hip and was carried off the field. In the dream, he distinctly visualized Koosman and McGraw walking next to him as he was carried off.

"That's the only ESP experience I've ever had," Theodore says, somewhat apologetically. As a result of the injury, Theodore came to bat, with his .259 average, only once in the last two months of the regular season.

There was one major problem with Theodore's study of his teammates. Few of them seemed to realize that they were under special pressure. "If I had written a theoretical paper in college," Theodore said, "describing the reactions of a theoretical team to the pressure of a theoretical pennant race, my theories would have had no resemblance to the reality of the situation."

The heart of the problem was that the Mets had spent a good part of the 1973 season in last place. As late as August 30, they were still in last place. When they suddenly found themselves in the thick of the race, it was almost too late to think about it. And when, in the closing days, they finally had a chance to think about it, it was almost too late to do anything about it. The weather took over.

The Mets were supposed to play in Chicago on Friday, September 28, the antepenultimate day of the scheduled season. That morning, the Mets were in first place, but knew that only if they won four straight from the Cubs would they be guaranteed of finishing first.

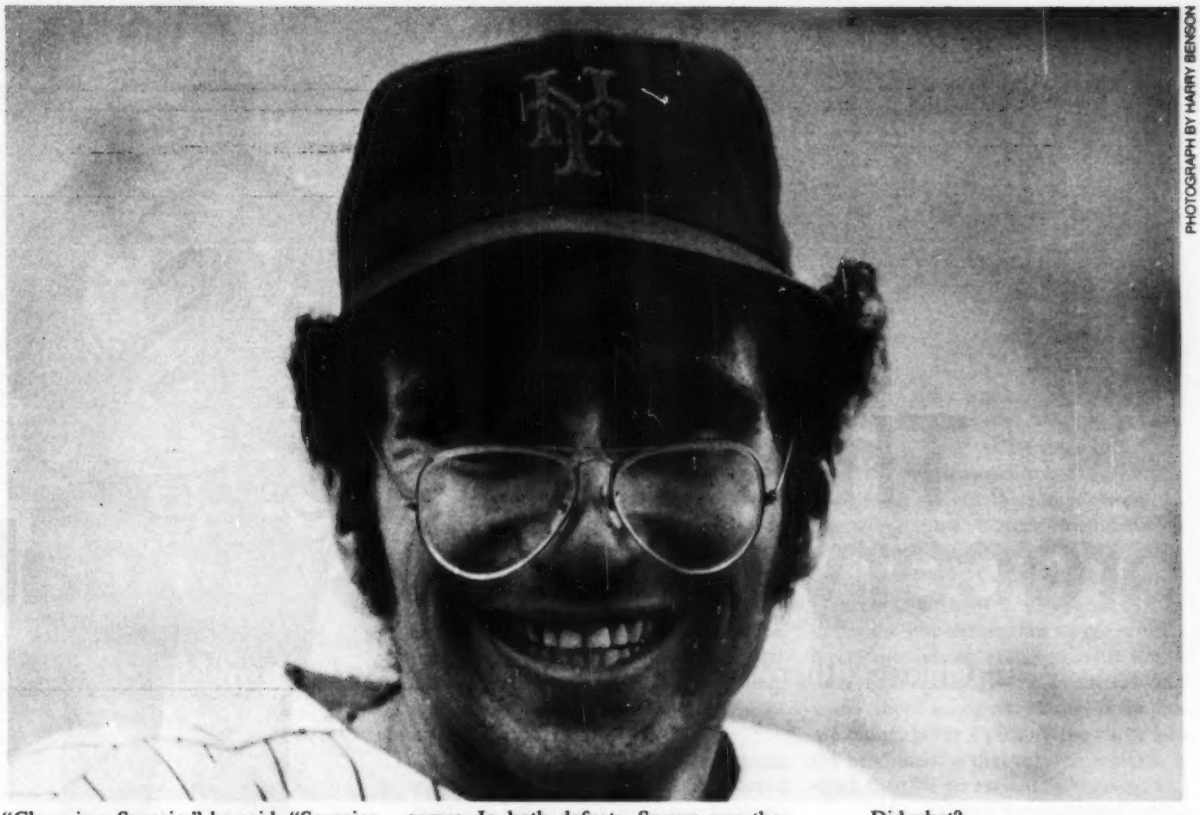
But the Friday game was rained out. That night, Montreal beat Pittsburgh and St. Louis beat Philadelphia, and the Mets woke up Saturday morning with the pressure on them reduced. That morning, they knew that if they won three out of four from Chicago, they would be guaranteed first place.

The rain persisted Saturday, and the scheduled doubleheader between the Mets and Chicago was postponed to Monday, the day after the season was supposed to end. On Saturday, St. Louis again beat Philadelphia, and Montreal again beat Pittsburgh, and even though the possibility of a five-way tie remained, the Mets woke up Sunday morning knowing that if they won two out of four from Chicago, they would be guaranteed first place.

No team had ever eased pressure with less effort.

During the two days of rainouts, while his teammates spent their time avoiding drowning, Theodore tried to analyze his team's success. In the last 10 games of the season, the Mets' most effective batter was Cleon Jones. He had hit only five home runs in the first 150 games of the season, then hit six in the last 10. Theodore suggested one explanation.

Contributing Editor Schaap is the author of 15 books, a television newscaster for WNBC-TV and Editor of Sport *Magazine.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY HARRY BENSON

"Cleon is a Scorpio," he said. "Scorpios look lazy, but they are strong of purpose." (Another Met, John Milner, the team's leading home-run hitter all season, hit none in the final week. Milner is also a Scorpio. A clear case of contaminated logic.)

Wayne Garrett of the Mets, like Jones, seemed to be playing his best under the pressure of the pennant race, and Theodore had a theory about that, too. "Wayne hits better when the weather gets cooler," Theodore said. "I don't know why."

Theodore did point out that baseball, unlike football or basketball, is not a game in which it is helpful to reach an emotional pitch. Baseball is a team game, but it depends on individual skills, and every man is always under a degree of individual pressure—to throw a pitch, to hit a pitch, to catch a ball. Generally, Theodore said, a baseball player does his best when he is not keyed up; an extra surge of adrenalin may do nothing more than disrupt his timing.

"Tom Seaver is the most intense guy on our team," Theodore said. "You can see how hard he concentrates on the days he pitches. He builds up pressure, and the pressure is transmitted to everyone else. The guys try harder when Tom's pitching."

Before the final series against Chicago, the Mets had lost only two of nine games. In both defeats, Seaver was the starting pitcher.

"Yogi Berra," said Theodore, "is the perfect manager in this situation. A more domineering manager would put extra pressure on the players. Yogi doesn't put any pressure on you. He just encourages you."

Any other insights?

"Edgar Cayce says we're all the products of our previous existences," said Theodore. "Maybe that explains it. Cayce also said that before 1990, the Western part of the United States—right up to Salt Lake City—is going to be washed into the sea." Theodore's home is in Salt Lake City. "I'm going to buy some property on a mountain," he said. "It'll be valuable when it becomes coastal property."

On Sunday, the Mets got a taste of pressure. They lost the first game of their doubleheader. They could see on the scoreboard that St. Louis was beating Philadelphia. If the Cardinals won, and the Mets lost the second game to Chicago, the Mets and Cardinals would both be at .500, tied for first place. Then the Mets would have to sweep a doubleheader on Monday to avoid a playoff.

The Mets won the second game Sunday. Theodore claimed part of the credit. "When we were winning," he said, "I did something every day, the same thing. I forgot to do it during the first game, but I did it in the second."

Did what?

"I better not tell. It might break the charm."

Any hint?

"It's something I usually wear onto the field. I didn't wear it for the second game. When I don't wear it, we win." Theodore grinned. "See, in the end, it all comes down to repetitive behavior."

Monday, the Mets knew they had to win only one game to clinch first place. Before the game, Theodore was confident. "I had a vision last night," he said.

What was it?

"High, outside slider," Theodore said. He swung an imaginary bat, then pointed toward the distant stands, the way Babe Ruth pointed against Charlie Root.

The meaning of Theodore's vision was clear: The Mets were going to win the first game of the doubleheader. That would be the only way Theodore would get to bat Monday—in the second game, after the championship was settled.

Which is exactly what happened—except that after the Mets won the first game, the second was cancelled because of wet grounds, and Theodore never got to see a slider, outside or in.

"That vision of yours," Theodore was asked. "Did you have it while you were sleeping or while you were awake?"

"That's one of my problems," Theodore said. "I don't know. You see, I have trouble telling the difference." ●

The ma and pa grocery store of scandal

In Chicago, there's a changing attitude toward corruption

By Mike Royko

The reformers have been waiting years for the big Chicago scandal to come along, the big one that would finally blow the lid off City Hall and make the good citizens demand that the rascals be thrown out.

Now they have more than they ever hoped for. Not one big scandal, but a cascade of them, tumbling after each other, overlapping, slopping all over the front page and the TV news. Indictments, convictions, sensational accusations, and most of the big political names feeling fortunate if they are merely under investigation.

There is something to confirm every long-held suspicion. You don't trust judges? Federal Judge Otto Kerner is convicted of taking bribes while governor. Aldermen? One in prison, and two appealing convictions. Cops? Dozens, including a deputy superintendent, in graft trials, and a sergeant found guilty of being a hired killer.

The county clerk is appealing a prison sentence for taking kickbacks. The leader of the City Council is under indictment. Even Mayor Daley, who likes people to think he is above it all, was embarrassed at being caught shoving lucrative city insurance business to one of his sons.

Everybody above the rank of meter maid is being investigated by two politically ambitious Republicans—the U.S. District Attorney and the State's Attorney (county prosecutor). On days they don't come up with something, the city's investigations-happy newspapers might.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARTY NORMAN

Even a City Hall scholar like Alderman Vito Marzullo says he has never seen anything like it.

Marzullo, the elderly boss of a tough, West Side ward, and a Daley loyalist, has not been accused of anything himself. From time to time, efforts are made to link him to organized crime, but he's never been nailed for anything more serious than a youthful case of witness-fixing, and letting his son loaf on city payrolls.

He sounds wounded when he says, "I've never seen it worse than this, and I've been around politics for 50 years. Everybody is making charges and countercharges and everybody is getting accused of crimes, and it is going to get worse next fall after the slatemaking. Then they'll all start looking at the candidates, trying to get something to blast them.

"But I'll tell you who the real crooks are. It's all those witnesses they bring in to testify, that's who. They give them immunity, so they testify, and they get away with the stuff they were doing, and somebody else goes to prison. It's those witnesses who are the real crooks and connivers, and most of them have been doing it all their lives."

Marzullo's contempt for whistleblowing witnesses isn't unique. The

Mike Royko, Chicago columnist and author of the book on Mayor Daley, Boss, *is a* NEW TIMES *Contributing Editor.*

mayor's office has been threatening to yank the liquor licenses of the tavern keepers who testified against cops in shake-down trials.

With scandals now a regular occurrence, it would stand to reason that at last Chicago would be ready for reform. Or at least ready to give the outs a chance to get in and get theirs. But that doesn't look likely. Cook County's Republicans are already predicting disaster in next year's county-wide elections. Independents and liberal Democrats want to challenge the Daley Machine in the primary, but they can't interest well-known candidates in running.

The long-awaited scandals might play in Peoria, but they are bombing in Chicago.

Bartender Fred Castellan spreads the newspaper in front of him and shakes his greying head. "This is just terrible," he says, and he means it. "I don't understand how people can be so rotten. They should take them out and shoot them."

Fred is disgusted because a couple of young men broke into the nursery at the Lincoln Park Zoo and made off with an infant snow leopard, in delicate health, and a young monkey.

As for the stories of corruption that fill much of his paper, he says: "Oh, you got to expect that. It's natural for politicians to take what they can get. The only thing different now is that some of them are getting caught.

"But what's the difference if they get caught or they don't get caught? You don't save any money because somebody else will take their place and do the same thing. They have to, because it's natural for them to do it. But this other thing, stealing helpless animals like that, it's not natural."

Ron Burja, 32, an insurance man, also sees corruption as inevitable. "But I think you can make a distinction between good corruption and bad corruption. Bad corruption is something that really hurts people, like a building inspector who passes a building that has rats, no heat, and other defects that cause human misery. That's the worst possible corruption.

"But you take a situation like the Kerner case. The common people couldn't care less whether Kerner gives one race track five more racing dates than another. Hopefully, if we're going to have corruption anyway, it will be the Kerner variety as opposed to the kind that hurts people."

The only impropriety that offends James Jackson, a young black security guard, is the possibility that his people are being shorted in the field of corruption, too.

"All those white aldermen been taking real fine care of themselves, but which one do they put in jail as soon as he tries to play the same game. They put Fred away, and he ain't took but weekend money next to the rest of them."

He was talking about Fred Hubbard, an imprisoned black alderman. Actually, it was an unfair criticism because Hubbard was clumsy enough to grab $100,000 in public funds and run off to gamble. Other black politicians have done quite well through traditional methods.

The prevailing spirit of Chicago is probably best expressed by John Sciackitano, 34, a husky printer, as he sits by Lake Michigan hoping a salmon will bite.

"How many things can I get excited about? For the last 15 years it's been one big worry after another. You have to worry about riots and wars and assassinations. Now I should worry about my alderman being a thief? Listen, I was never under the impression that he got himself elected because his ambition in life was to do something nice for me. From now on I worry about losing weight and if the fish are biting. When I pick up the paper and the headline says that John Sciackitano is dead, then I'll get excited."

The scandals were dredged up at the wrong time in Chicago. They could have meant something in the Eisenhower years, when they would have been out there on page one with only the late base-

ball scores as company.

Now the denials of cops must compete for the attention of shock-numbed minds with the confessions of White House aides. How can a local zoning deal measure up to a Russian wheat deal, or the shame of a crooked City Hall politician to the embarrassment of a Cabinet member?

Chicagoans, who are the Texans of the midwest in their boasts of bigness, find themselves being dwarfed. Just as the ma and pa grocery store has been forced out by the giant food chains, and the precision craftsman by the assembly line, the fine, home-grown scandal has been pushed aside by the Washington-made catastrophe. Bigness wins again. ●

Valery Panov, the renowned Russian dancer, sits in his Leningrad apartment, hounded by the K.G.B., abandoned by friends, barred from performing . . . "on the verge of suicide"

"They are squeezing me to death"

By Ruth Gruber

Through iron gates, I entered the shabby courtyard of the Leningrad apartment complex. Hurrying past an old woman who sat in a doorway eyeing me, I climbed three flights of unlit stairs to the apartment of Valery Panov, the dancer. The hallway was dark. There was no name on the door. I knocked. No answer. I rang the bell. No answer. Either Panov was not at home, or he was afraid to open the door.

For more than a year and a half, Panov has been harassed, bugged and followed by the K G B, the Russian secret police. His telephone has been cut off, his mail is read, censored and often confiscated. Once the *premier danseur* of the great Leningrad Kirov Ballet, he has been barred from dancing, forbidden to go near the Kirov Theater. His right to work at any job has been denied and his arrest is always imminent because, as a non-worker, he can be charged with parasitism.

He has already spent time in jail. He is a Jew, and he has asked for permission to emigrate to Israel. That is his crime.

I tried knocking again. I tried a variety of rings, hoping to connect on some secret signal. No answer. I gave up.

The next afternoon I returned, this time with a trusted friend of Panov's who knew the signal. The door opened. A slim, slight figure with dark curling hair, well-trimmed mustache and handsome Van Dyke beard, stood in the doorway. Behind him stood a tiny blonde woman. They shook our hands, closed the door and showed us into a small bright room about 10-feet wide and 16-feet long. The walls were covered from ceiling to floor with photographs of the pair—Panov and his 23-year-old wife, ballerina Galina Rogozina. There were photos of them in ballet flight, brilliant dance posters, a huge portrait of Panov as Harlequin. On one wall was their exercise bar.

Panov sat on the sofa facing us. He was withdrawn, depressed. Galina perched on a high stool, asked questions, wanting to know what was happening in the world outside. Through the friend, who served as interpreter, I told them that more than 1,000 dancers, actors and artists in the United States, England, France, Denmark and other countries had signed petitions and written letters asking the Soviet government to allow them to leave. "But the government never answers their letters," said Panov. There was a long pause. "Word circulated that if I was quiet for two months and the world was quiet about me, they would let me leave."

The two months of silence ended on August 5, but the Panovs did not receive permission to go. The protests started up again, and Panov was told that if he remained quiet longer, that if his friends in the West would stop sending petitions, stop demonstrating, the answer would be positive.

The friends stopped once more. But here Panov sat, on this recent afternoon, saying, through the interpreter, that he himself had lost hope. He was talking to me, he said, because he felt he had been tricked into silence.

"They are squeezing me to death. They will try to keep Galina and me here as long as possible. Maybe another year. Maybe a year and a half. Not to dance for a year and a half will be like a death."

Classical music swelled in the background. The music never stopped. I remembered the warning I kept hearing. "Even disconnected telephones have ears," a Russian friend had said as he covered his dead telephone. "It doesn't work for us to speak. But it works for them to hear." Perhaps the music might blur our voices and make the KGB's job more difficult.

"They want to cripple us," Panov said, "so we cannot dance again. A writer can write even if he is forbidden to publish. A scientist can make experiments in his head. But a dancer must dance. His art and his being are tied up in his dancing, in his use of his body."

"For every year we do not dance," said Galina, "we will have to exercise a year to make up before we can ever perform again."

She waltzed into the tiny kitchen and soon emerged carrying a tray of elegantly arranged salami sandwiches on delicious black bread and a pot of tea. "Eat," Panov insisted. While the friend and I nibbled, the Panovs ate nothing. They said they were always on a rigid diet. I was skeptical. I was afraid we were eating several days' supply of food.

They survive on money orders and packages of clothes sent from abroad. They have no work; they cannot even teach. It has been this way since March, 1972, when Panov applied for his visa and

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Ruth Gruber, recently returned from the U.S.S.R., is a freelance writer who has written 10 books, including one on Russia.

Illustrations by Doug Gervasi

Panov now spends most of his time painting; his self-portrait is at left. When he was permitted to dance, one of his most memorable roles was that of the heartsick clown in Petrouchka, *at right.*

was fired. Galina was not fired; she was demoted from *prima ballerina* to the lowest rank and salary of the *corps de ballet.* Both the director of the Kirov and the Communist party official in the ballet tried to talk Galina into divorcing her husband. Instead, she resigned as an act of protest.

Now 34, Panov has been dancing since the age of six. In 1960 he came to New York as a star of the Kirov. He performed once at Madison Square Garden, and received a cable that someone in his family was critically ill. He rushed home to find that the story had been a ruse to get him back to Russia. He never learned why. He thinks it was feared he might defect.

He was never allowed out of Russia again. Four times a year, the Kirov Ballet traveled abroad, but always Panov—the *premier danseur*—was forced to remain in Leningrad. At least he was permitted to dance. Every ballet enthusiast traveling to Leningrad was told to see Panov perform. "Technically, there is no one in the world to match him," *Dance and Dancers Magazine* reported in September, 1967. "As a pure dancer he has genius."

Now, in his apartment, he brought out a set of pictures of some of his favorite roles. His face was different in each, dreamlike in *Don Quixote*, humorous and cocky in Shostakovitch's *The Lady and the Hooligan*, tormented as the heartsick clown in Stravinsky's *Petrouchka.* I remembered that he had once said, "You can express everything—how a poet creates, how a bird flies, even how a bomb

In their apartment, Panov and his wife, Galina, examine a photograph from their scrapbook. The walls are covered with personal pictures.

explodes. Ballet does not only signify 'beautiful.' I want a ballet where dance and suffering need not be separated. I am against technique for technique's sake. I want a ballet where there is thinking."

Now he said, "I want to be a choreographer when I am free. I want to do Dostoyevsky's *Crime and Punishment* and *The Idiot*. Dostoyevsky is the most profound tragedian and creator in the world. If they let me out, I hope I can work as a choreographer with the Batscheva Bat-Dor Dance Company in Israel. But even if they let me go, they will try to make a criminal out of me.

"Almost all my friends before were dancers. Now they have all abandoned us, betrayed us. I created the role in Sergeyev's *Hamlet*. I was the only dancer for that role. I perfected it for two years. Now they give it to Mikhall Barishnikov. He dances it only once, and he gets the prize for it."

He leaned forward, his body elegant even in his despair. "I am not political. I am not a dissident. I don't want to change the Soviet system. I just want to get out, so I can become alive again. I created more than 20 scenarios for new ballets; they used almost none of them."

Indeed, it was his theories of classical and modern ballet that first rankled the Soviet masters. They wanted his ideas, his scenarios, to conform completely with the fixed Soviet concept of classical ballet, with Soviet ideology, Soviet psychology, the Soviet image of the Soviet man. Although the classical Russian ballet is his life, he fought the rigidity. "I believe completely in classical ballet," he said. "It is the main ballet, and it must remain that. Modern ballet must be secondary. Yet a search for new forms, as in modern ballet, is important. Classical ballet requires the highest level of performance; but in classical ballet, there is less thought, less searching. I want to combine both, classical and modern, keeping classical ballet as the center but building upon it. It's because of this vision of ballet that I'm in trouble in this country. That is why I'm leaving this country, in search of better professional art, better professional ballet."

Suddenly he stood up and walked toward the window. "I can't think here. I can't create here. It's death." I joined him at the window and looked down at the handful of cars on Moskovsky Prospekt. "Every time we go out," he said, "they follow us—on foot, or in cars."

On an easel near the window was a startling painting. It was a head, without neck or body, painted in yellows, a strong, yet withdrawn face framed in a small beard and mustache and curling hair, dominated by huge searching eyes. Panov was now spending his days painting, and this was his self-portrait, his statement of the oppression, the terror, the harassment, the endless and nearly hopeless waiting.

Because he felt oppressed by the restrictions on his travel and his art, he had gone to the director of the Kirov in March, 1972, and announced that he wanted to emigrate to Israel. Relatives in Israel had sent him the necessary "visof"—the registered, notarized application to rejoin members of his family in Israel. The next step was to get a "characteristika"—character references from your supervisor, proof that you really worked. Panov asked for the paper and was told to appear before his ballet union for a hearing. There, his colleagues stood, one by one, to rail against him in fixed cliches: "Traitor. You are a traitor to the Fatherland. You want to leave our great Soviet land to live in that small, fascist, imperialist country, Israel. Where would you have been without us? We made you a star. This is your gratitude. You should be sent not to Israel. You should be sent to Siberia."

"They made their speeches for the director and the Communist party official to hear," Panov said now, in his apartment. "So that their records would show their loyalty and they could be sent on long trips abroad."

Still, the Kirov provided him with the necessary proof that he had worked there. Next, he and Galina had to get permission from their parents to leave. The Russians require this permission even if a person is 60 or 70 and his parents are 90 years old.

"My father understood my need to go, though he is a party member," Panov told me. "He signed even though it could hurt him with the party. My mother was told by the KGB that she would be imprisoned if she signed. She was terrified by them; she died of a heart attack. But before she died, she signed."

Galina's mother refused to sign. "She is very close to the KGB," Galina said. "They ordered her not to sign, and she agreed. But if they really want to let us out, they will do it even if she doesn't sign."

Panov and Galina collected their documents and appeared at the OVIR—the office of exit permits—to submit their applications for emigration to Israel. "I was immediately dismissed from the Ballet," he said, "for 'immoral conduct' and treason to the Homeland. Those were the reasons they told me. But applying for an exit visa is not an illegal act, and therefore is not immoral and treasonable. So the

theatre put a different excuse in my work-booklet. They wrote, 'Dismissed because of reduction of personnel.' It was absurd."

Galina, *prima ballerina*, had her own humiliations. Her colleagues confronted her: "You are not Jewish. You are Russian. You are a great dancer, one of our most gifted. Why should you destroy your brilliant career, your future, your life, for Panov?"

Her answer was to choose the exile of their small, two-room apartment, and the quality of their lives changed immediately. As artists, night people, they were accustomed to staying awake half the night. For years, friends and admirers had dropped in at all hours to talk about the ballet, to drink tea, to bring flowers. They were generally awake by 10 in the morning and, after sipping hot tea, would race down the stairs of the Metro to get to the Kirov for rehearsals.

As prima ballerina of the Kirov Ballet, Galina, right, was idolized. The 17-year-old star of the Bolshoi, Nadezhda Pavlova, says her goal is to dance like Galina.

Abruptly there was no reason to get up at 10. No rehearsals. No discussions with the ballet company about new productions. No need to work up new techniques; no need to create new roles; no practicing for a gala performance. And then, in January, 1973, Panov was called to the KGB and told that he would have no authorization, ever, to dance again in Russia, even if his visa were denied and he had to spend the rest of his life in the Soviet Union.

These days, they wake at 11 or

Panov as he appeared in the lead role of Shostakovitch's The Lady and the Hooligan.

11:30. They breakfast slowly on an omelette, a paper-thin slice of bread, or perhaps a cracker, and hot tea. Sometimes a friend joins them for breakfast, but never anyone from the Kirov. Dancers dare not be seen entering the apartment, even if secretly they sympathize or perhaps harbor their own thoughts of leaving. The ones who come are Jewish activists, Jews who have applied for visas and have been refused. Many of them have been in prison, some in exile in the Siberian labor camps and others in the Potma labor camps in Mordovia.

The activists are not afraid. "What more can they do to us?" one said. "The worst day of your life is the day you go to the OVIR to apply for your visa."

To appease world opinion, the Russians have allowed 70,000 Jews to leave for Israel over the past three years. They have even allowed a few famous scientists and activists to go, knowing that a scientist may end up in a university and be relatively obscure. But a dancer is always in the public eye.

Each day, to keep their morale high and their bodies supple, Valery and Galina exercise at the wooden bar screwed into their wall. Dressed in white leotards, they exercise together, once in the morning and again in mid-afternoon. But it is not enough to do their *plieés* in a room with a ceiling too low and dimensions too small to encompass them. "They have deprived us," Panov told me, "of the possibility of training, of taking classes, of working on the stage. This is their main intention, to deprive us not only of our work but of much more—of our profession, our skill."

Each afternoon, Valery and Galina go for a walk. Sometimes they travel by the Metro to visit friends. The KGB stalks them by car and on foot. Frequently, the KGB men stand in front of the apartment door, saying nothing. To Panov, they are like the silent inquisitors in *Don Quixote*.

Panov is in constant danger—in danger of being arrested on a trumped-up charge of hooliganism; in danger of being arrested as a parasite; in danger of being called up for army muster, and then prohibited from emigrating for five years because he would have "army secrets;" in danger of being arrested on the charge of "slandering" the Soviet Union. It wasn't too long ago that he was lured out of his house, taken to the police station, questioned by the KGB and then released. Back on the street, he was halted by two militiamen, one of whom accused Panov of spitting on his sleeve. Panov was charged with "hooliganism" and sentenced to 10 days in prison. His hair was shaved to the skull. The first three days he was confined to a cell with bugs, no food, no bed. The next seven days were spent in a cell filled with amputees and cripples. The irony made its impact—the dancer among the legless.

He emerged 11 pounds thinner, pale, hairless, his face lined, his body wracked by abdominal pain, his mind filled with the tragedies of the men in the cell. His stomach pains were diagnosed as severe gastritis and an ulcer, the illnesses of anxiety.

In recent weeks, he has begun more than ever to fear every knock on the door. One woman stood at the door three hours trying to deliver a message. She had heard voices inside. But then only silence. On the street, in the Metro, in the train en route to a visit with his father and brother, Panov's eyes, like the eyes of his self-portrait, keep looking to see who is shadowing him. The possibility of disappearing into an insane asylum or of being swallowed up in Siberia is so real, he feels, that only the pressure of the world, in letters to top Soviet officials, may help keep him alive. In the homes of friends whose phones have not yet been cut off, Panov occasionally talks to people abroad, and not long ago, he talked to a man in Tel Aviv—Joseph Frenkel, the spokesman of the Batsheva Bat-Dor Dance Society.

"I pray," he told Frenkel, "I beg the Israeli people to help us . . . to help the artist in us . . . We are in a very desperate situation . . . on the verge of suicide . . .

"We are lost," Valery Panov told Frenkel. Lost in Hell . . .

"They destroy us." ●

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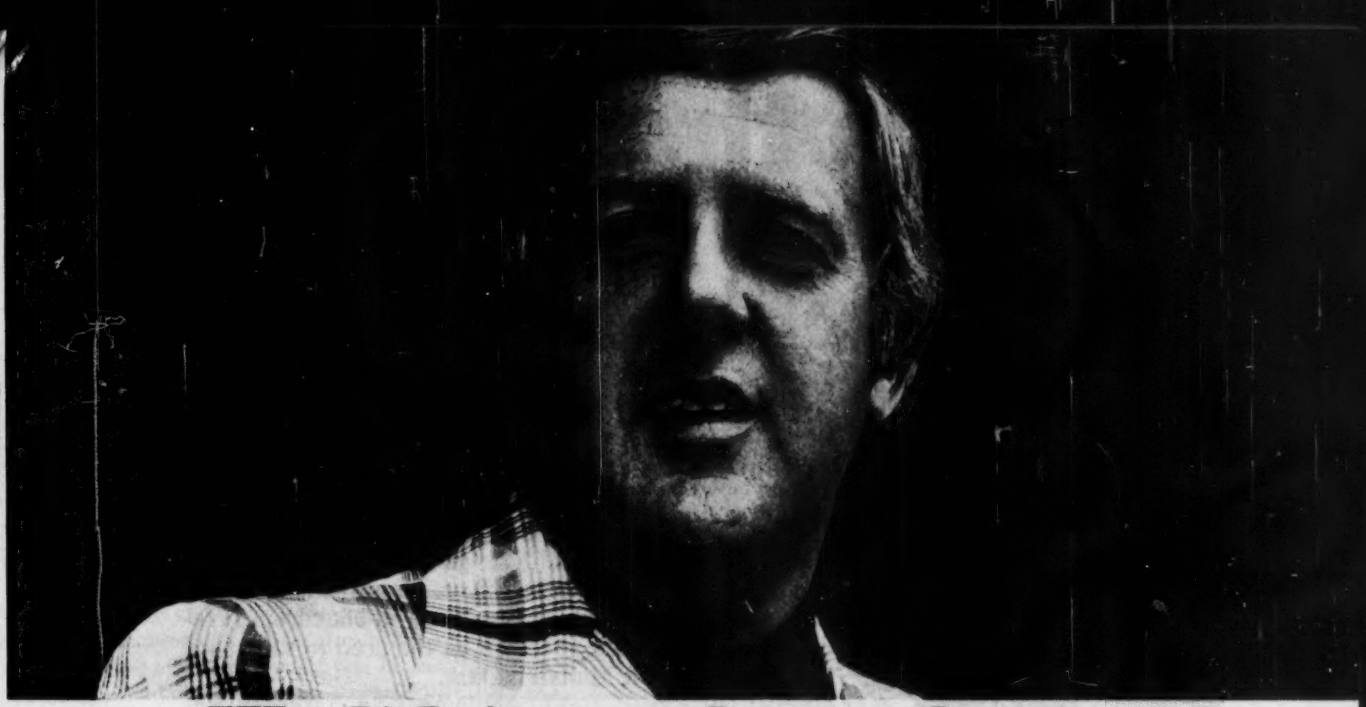

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Talk about unsolicited testimonials. Not long ago Mr. Clepper, a Riverside, California attorney, wrote us a letter about *Juris Doctor,* one of the four magazines we publish.

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My thanks to my parents for offering me their dreams

Aspirations that died a generation ago are being reborn through the sons and daughters of the '70s

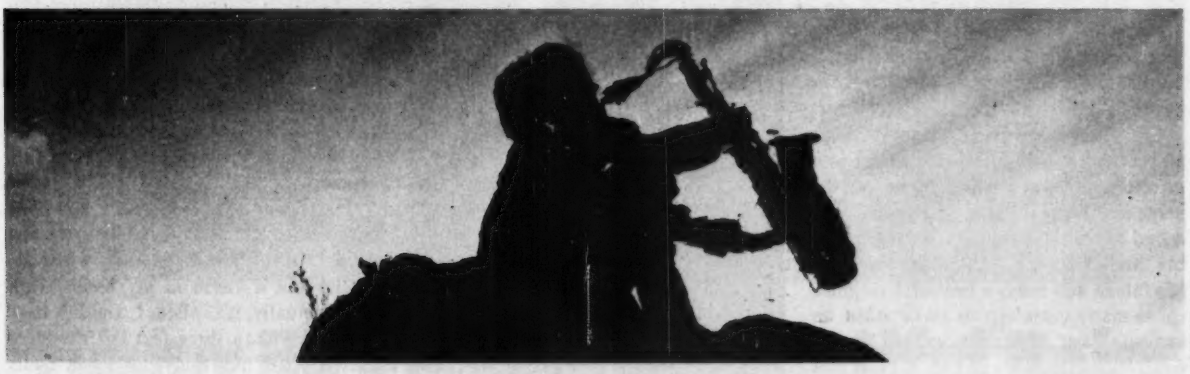
By Ken Hurwitz

Reluctantly, sadly, my father saw that the Depression was no time to become a musician. By 1930, however, that sad and reluctant foresight of his was not simply a declination of a whimsical ambition, but an abdication of what was already a fact and love of his life. By that year he was already a brilliant musician, a saxophonist, a winner of a national amateur title, a recipient of musical scholarships from half a dozen universities. The years of practice, five hours of devotion daily, were already inside him, a part of the man's tissue, lips and lungs. Forsaking those years for the study of law was not easy, but a living had to be made. It was not a casual act for him to take those precious metals, his soprano sax and, more precious still, his gold-plated alto, his first and shapely love, the one given to him for endorsement by the King Band Instrument Co., and bury those treasures forever in the attic. *Future Shock* notwithstanding, some decisions were a lot harder in those days.

My father went into law, prospered, raised a close-knit family in a plush suburb of Milwaukee, and every June carted us all to our summer home on a Wisconsin inland lake. My brother and sister and I grew up in what can only be described as a plethora of leisure. Leisure not only for splashing and sunning, but also for thinking, thinking about what we really wanted to do with our lives. Thinking was a highly promoted commodity in our family, a non-consumable that perhaps saved the three of us from the inordinate spoiledness that comes with unearned spoils.

Now that I think back I suppose it has been some time that I have wanted to be a writer. And at 25, I am. While I manage at this stage to take in a few royalty checks, it is my parents who are always there to help. Even when I say I'm set for the next couple of months, the next check will still be there in my mailbox. When I say thank you, they are embarrassed and ask that I say nothing.

Rare? Unheard of? Not completely. Not all families in upper middle class America consist of parents gouging society for a third Cadillac while their sons and daughters, indolent, proverbially insouciant, lie on hillsides blowing into wine jugs, and live off fathers they despise. Indeed there are a number of us, who fit another, less publicized category. Sons and daughters, who are not entering the standard, more predictable professions and jobs, but who, and often with the help and support of their families, are making



PHOTOGRAPH BY JILL FREEDMAN

earnest attempts to fulfill artistic dreams, that were by necessity forsaken a generation ago.

There is my friend, Jack Viertel, 24, also a writer. Thirty-seven years ago his father, Joseph, while still a senior at Harvard, had a play on Broadway. Joseph also has three novels published and tucked away on his shelves. But as he told me a couple years ago:

"The decision was clear. At the time a living simply could not be made in writing." I believe I nodded rather sheepishly. One didn't have to be intimate with the history of the '30s to know the long sidewalk lines of grey-capped men were for jobs and bread, not novels. In pre-'60s nomenclature bread did not mean money for a stereo system; bread meant bread. Instead of a full-time pursuit in the arts, Joseph chose to enter a family real estate business, which he has since built up to a corporation that trades on the American Stock Exchange. Today, 37 years later, his son Jack reaps enough dividends from that corporation to write his own novels with leisure and deliberation. He is grateful for his situation, not ignorant of corporate toil that built us our offices for writing.

There is my friend, Dean, 29. After 10 years of working toward a career as a director, he now appears to be on the verge of making it. His new play has been called by the *Los Angeles Times* as possibly the last hope of Actors' Studio West. His father, still today a beautiful violinist, chose many years ago to make music an avocation and nothing more. He instead went into medicine, and today is a world-famous ear surgeon. While his son has made a living on and off, it has only been with the help of a father's checks that he is after 10 years of periodic droughts—innocuous droughts, the kind in fiction that cause no famine in reality—at the edge of the artistic Promised Land.

There are my friends, David and Jerry Zucker, who with two other partners came out to L.A. from the midwest to build what is known as Kentucky Fried Theater. They have already been on the Tonight Show, and every weekend they leave their packed houses choked with laughter. The young people they entertain can afford the four dollars a head, and still laugh. While the Zuckers spent four months renovating a vacant, gutted structure without professional help—the sweat in the platform beams is all theirs—it was a father's substantial loans that helped create the smart, 130-seat theater. The loans have been paid back; everyone in the family is jauntily proud.

The list can go on, but it is to my own home I return.

It is over martinis before dinner at our summer place that my father relaxes and tells me, sometimes with unwitting repetition, the stories. We sit on the pillow chairs in front, looking out at the redwood pier and cedar-lined shore. I see by the way we both cross our legs that I will do well to listen, that our genes form an unbroken, if not completely straight line. It is his past and my future that seem to unfold, like a kaleidoscope, with symmetrical opposite-ness.

"I was always a cocky son-of-a-bitch," he says happily, quaffing to the first olive. "I must have been eight when my parents put a violin in my hands. Half violin actually, it's called. I couldn't have been more than three-feet tall myself. I knew I could have played if I had really wanted to, but I just didn't have the interest at that time. Didn't compare to putting pennies on the tracks. I doubt I ever practiced more than 10 minutes a day."

"And that was the experience that made you realize you could be a great musician."

"A wise guy," he says with the same family raw stock of sarcasm. "I'm not quite sure when, I guess when I was about

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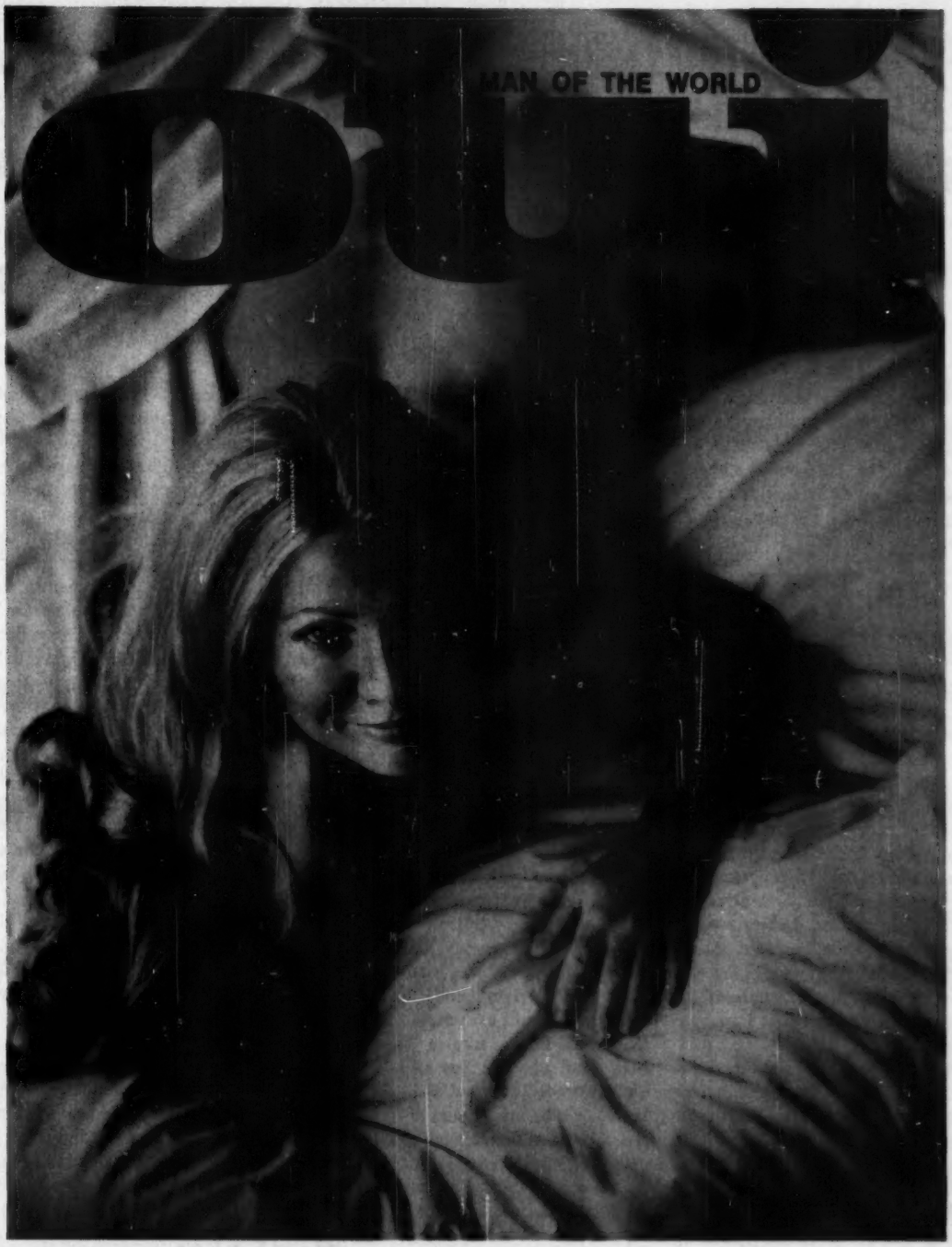
Ken Hurwitz, whose first book was the nonfiction Marching Nowhere, *is the author of a new novel,* The Line of David.



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12, I developed this great yearning to play the sax. My father working all hours in the shoestore, you can imagine what an expense that would be. But I put on a hell of a campaign, and my father couldn't really bring himself to deny me anything. So there it was, my first sax."

"And then?"

"Then the hours, hours and years. All classical music. Not many people realize what a beautiful classical instrument the saxophone can be. But by the time I graduated from high school—this is 1929 now—I realized I could be making money by playing jazz. Everything was dance music in those days." He surveys the calm, evening lake keenly, and not so much chews as ruminates on his olive. All rights to relaxation have been earned. Forty years ago merrily flushed dancers bought him drinks, and thanking them graciously he would, by deal with the bartender, chug a shot-glass of weak tea. Legendary images of musicians aside, he could not afford to miss notes. That and other stories flow now. On points of emphasis he thumps my wrist like a melon; I am ripe for hearing.

His hours of listening to other musicians' records, upbeat swingtime or sappy and slow like a King Curtis for cheek to cheek, playing first sax at age 17 with the All-American Band that broadcast live music nightly from atop the Allerton Club House in Chicago to publicize the coming 1933 World's Fair, organizing his own small orchestra that played summer resorts and paid his way through law school, and then in 1934 the inevitable choice.

"My first case was a five dollar collection," he says, shaking his head with a grin. "But in those days even a peanut client felt he had the right to demand an attorney that didn't spend his nights in dance halls. Nate. I remember Nate. He was one of my only friends who went on in music. Went out east someplace. Ten years later he passed through Milwaukee and asked me for a 20 buck loan to get his clarinet out of hock. A couple years later he sent me a check, and I never heard from him again. He shakes his head wistfully, and I suspect it is the times, not the moment of decision, he wants to recapture. Eventually the talk turns to me. I'm impatient, upset that I'm not earning more than I am with my writing.

> "Nate. I remember Nate," my father said. "He was one of my only friends who went on in music"

"I just don't know," I say. "Maybe I'm dreaming. Maybe I should have gone to law school." My father gives the indulgence an unusually stern look. He is not thumping my wrist; now his hand rests on top of mine.

"My God, Kenny, look at the start you have already. You want to be a writer, don't you? All right then. Then there's no salary you would ever make in any firm that would let you forgive yourself." We both hear what he has said, and look embarrassedly away at the lake. But I know what he means, and it's not as self-reproaching as that. He gave up to get, to get for his family (and also for himself, no doubt) what he never had. But with changing historical circumstances come changing priorities. What my friends and I seem to be saying is that it is worth taking less monetarily in order to chase the dreams that are by fortune of birth open to us. This is not to say we are aloof or hiply naive to material need—most of us don't care to live in a shed; when I flick a switch, I want the light to go on—but it is to say there is perhaps happily a saturation point in materialism, as there is in everything. Many in my generation, lawyers, teachers and salesmen, want more time for art and leisure. And there are those among my friends who are setting out to provide the products of entertainment for an affluent, leisure society. The price in durables is of course being paid. One might speculate that in 1979 we will all have a bevy of marvelous movies and plays to attend, but we will all be driving to them in eight-year-old, banged-up Fiats.

Quietly my father and I sit and watch our lake. I recall memories that are perhaps clearer to me than to him. I remember the only time I ever saw him and his sax together. I must have been eight. Somehow we had talked him into bringing his alto down from the attic. Our family sat in the living room, and his fingers raced up and down the valves as easily as a former track star runs to the corner mailbox. He played a few bars of "St. Louis Blues," and when the notes were squeakers he grimaced and shook his head. This reed must be 25 years old, he said. He played a few more bars, such beautiful, sad music, and then, embarrassed, put the instrument back in the case.

A couple years later, during summer, he bet his three children he could hold his breath under water longer than all of us combined. A saxophonist's lip goes soft, he said, but the lungs are there for good. He was right. Standing on the pier we timed him, incredulous. We jumped and clapped as the second hand swept on and on. I am 25 now, and think back on that day often. I think and think, and still I do not know what goes through a man's mind as he squats beneath a lake's surface, squats there endlessly because of the endless hours of beautiful music he once created, squats there in front of a summer home he has provided for his family, squats there in the utter, still silence of depth and legacy, has a fleeting thought perhaps of attic-yellowed sheet music, or perhaps of Nate, who carried on, squats and looks up through the rippling green water and sees the blurred, shimmering figures of his three children dancing and squealing with delight above him.

We finish our martinis, go inside for dinner and, at least this night, talk of writing, not music. ●

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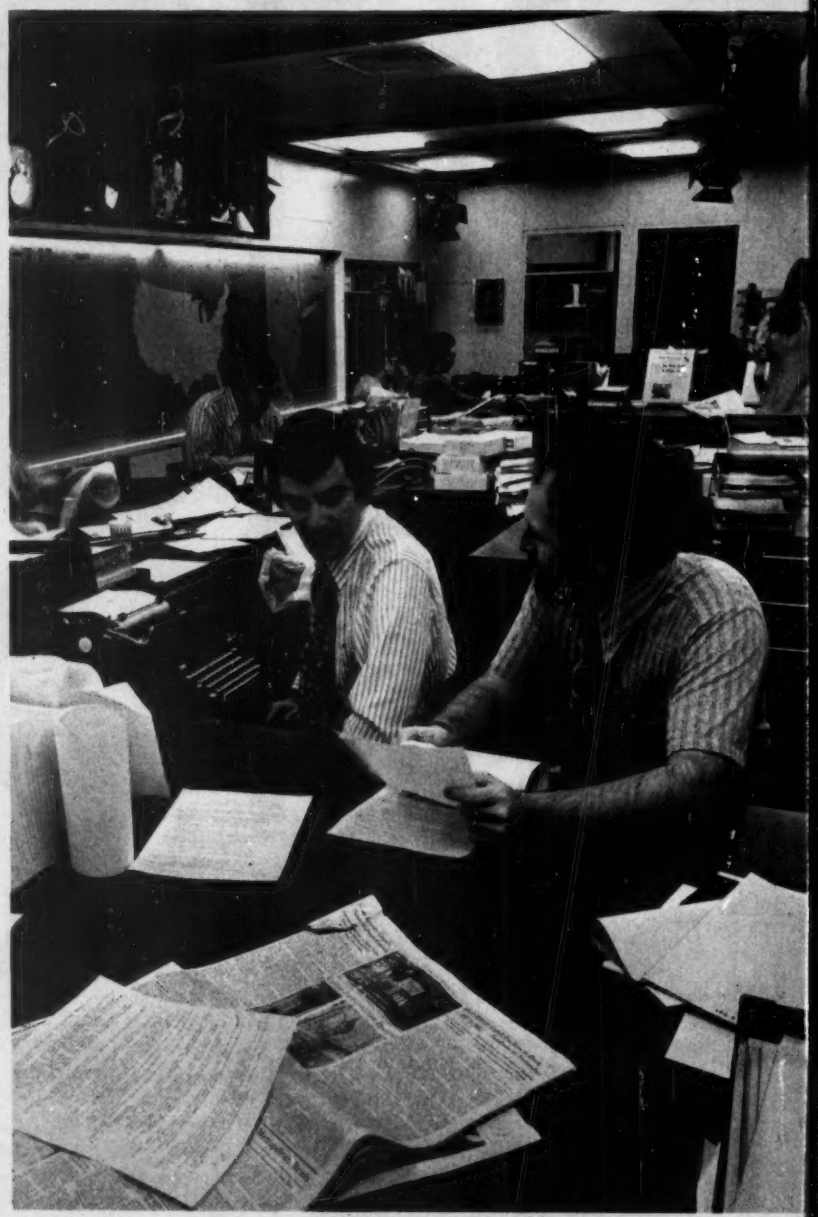

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BOOKS

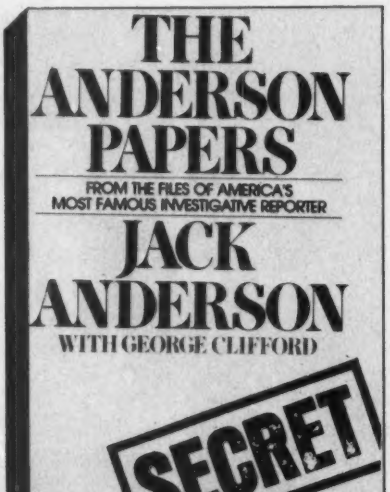
An inside look at how a muckraker works; a novel being advertised as the new *Gone With the Wind*

The Anderson Papers by Jack Anderson, Random House, 275 pp., $6.95.

Somehow we find his trade—sifting through the flotsam of politics and daily mongering the spiciest dregs—less than ennobling. As with our view of undertakers, we recognize the function Jack Anderson performs as both necessary and thankless, yet it still strikes us as a bit sordid. Just now, though, when dirt has replaced gold as the national standard, one might profitably reflect on our past squeamishness over the muckraker's craft.

Other investigative reporters come and go, pocketing prizes for their occasional derring-do and then moving on to less taxing beats or a J-school redoubt. Anderson grinds on, seven days a week, year after year, outstripping the exploits of his late senior partner, Drew Pearson, and earning from a legion of speared knaves the telltale cry of "that-son-of-a-bitch." His column appears in nearly 1,000 newspapers—an anomaly on many editorial pages whose publishers want the President's next Supreme Court appointment to go to John Wayne. He was lately knighted with a Pulitzer, as if at last to sanctify his efforts, and his voice is heard on radio six days a week. Put that all together and you have one very powerful fella.

The Anderson Papers, without trying hard, suggests why this dogged, feisty Mormon with nine kids at home and a small band of intrepid associates on the job, ought to be up for the Congressional Medal of Honor. This lumpy, almost casually carpentered book shows how Anderson & Associates have pursued four major stories, of late—the gall of ITT (starring the proud and profane Dita Beard), the invasion of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and its aftermath (starring the civil libertines of the FBI), the phantom drunk-driving record of Tom Eagleton (starring Anderson himself, conceding his undocumented smear), and the Nixon Administration's covert brinksmanship over the East Pakistan revolution (starring the fanged Henry Kissinger in the White House basement).



"I like to keep a light burning in the window for the storm-tossed informer," Anderson writes of the breed he says he has been cultivating for 25 years. Whatever his motive—to protect the public, to deck a rival, to even a grievance—the informer is, for Anderson, "one of the most valuable species in American life." Well, now. We are not a people who give Brownie points for this sort of thing. But Anderson makes a persuasive case for his tactics of monitoring the behavior of bureaucrats who regularly lie with impunity and obfuscate with a passion: "Unlike the government, the newsman has ethics that prevent him from wiretapping, burglarizing files, intercepting mail, buying information or planting paid spies."

Give Anderson a smidgen of smut and, using tact, bluff, guile, guts and every contact he cultivates among the walking wounded of the political meatgrinder, he'll tattoo you to the Washington Monument by week's end. His account of the ITT flimflam is a classic in the Anderson technique. The Beard memo, smuggled to the columnist by an unnamed insider, corroborated Anderson's suspicions of a link between the Justice Department's sudden decision to withdraw its opposition to ITT's bonanza merger with Hartford Fire Insurance and some slippery *quid pro quo*. The *quid* in this case turned out to be a $400,000 ITT boodle to help fund the 1972 Republican Convention in San Diego at a time when the city fathers, grim at prospects of such an extravaganza, were unwilling to fork over.

Anderson's favorite dragons are arrogant men bloated by the power and privileges inherent in the institutional juggernauts they direct. Harold Geneen, the $800,000-a-year whiphand who turned lumbering ITT into a growth-crazed conglomerate, is such a man. He blitzed everything in his way to reach the top rungs of the *Fortune* 500, no matter whether the obstacle was an antitruster at Justice or the entire population of Chile (a small country, after all).

What is most shocking about Anderson's narrative is not the greed of ITT but the complicity of a politicized Justice

Department and CIA. A close contender for honors in outrage is the catalogue of duplicity Anderson assembles on the Bangledesh crisis: stolen transcripts showing how your government feigned neutrality while propping up Pakistan's Aga Khan, whose troops slaughtered hundreds of thousands of justly rebellious East Pakistanis (Khan had refused to seat their duly elected representatives in the national legislature).

While Anderson flays "the natural venality and mendacity of the Nixon Administration" just now, future office-seekers ought to be apprised that he is no narrow partisan, as a generation of past and present malefactors can testify. He may never win a Mr. Nice Guy souvenir from the Senate Ways and Means crowd, returning from its latest junket, but it should be clear by now that Jack Anderson is a valuable national resource. How many other people these days can turn muck into light?—**Richard Kluger**

Beulah Land by Lonnie Coleman, Doubleday, 552 pp., $8.95.

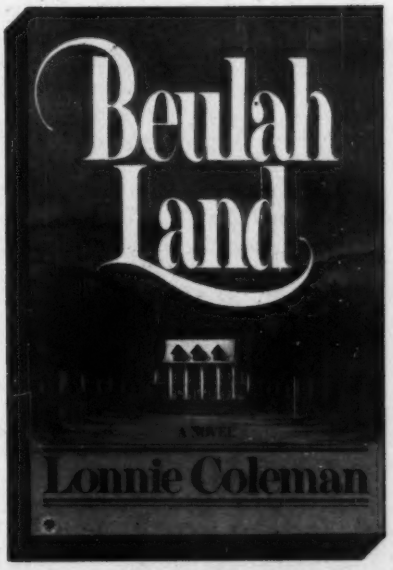
If you have neglected your Prophets lately, you need to be reminded that Beulah Land is not a person, but a place. "Thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate: but thou shall be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah . . ."

Because this book leans so pretentiously (and so unfairly) on Isaiah, weighs 3½ pounds in galleys, and almost immediately has the mistress and her favorite slave giving birth in the same week but the white lady's milk dries up so the black mother nurses both infants simultaneously, I tried to give it every advantage. I waited to begin it until I was in a noticeably receptive mood, curled up on a squashy sofa before a sizzling fire on a crisp autumn night in a secluded country house; I pulled out the plug-in phone, I read it word for word without skimming or stinting, so I now feel free to say with an entirely clear conscience that this is a bad book, and not even in an original, solidly bad way. It is hollow, crammed with onionskin characters, written in a style that combines the oddest elements of Beverly Hills Biblical and pre-war Southern Freud.

If you do not know which war I mean; if you do not realize instantly that those babies must be boys (sons! sons of Beulah Land! which is a Georgia plantation, "yours on paper," the black baby eventually explains to the white one, "mine where it counts, in my bones"); if you do not suspect that these children, born around Christmastime, 1805, are going to survive into the third or fourth generation or until they start shooting over at Fort Sumter, whichever comes first, then you must go to the foot of the class and write over and over on your slate, "Margaret Mitchell, where are you, now that we need you?"

This is not a throwaway line. *Beulah Land* is being advertised as the new *Gone With the Wind*, and Lord knows the author has tried. Here are the descriptions, determinedly quaint (the mistress is "an erect, quick-stepping woman"; her slave is "shorter than her mistress and ampler in bosom and behind, but equally quick-stepping"). Here are the names that supposedly reek of the oldtime rural South (Roscoe, Rooster, Roman, Ricey, Roxy, Rex, Judge Horace Truebody). Here are all the milestones one necessarily stumbles over in a narrative that spans the decades: weddings, births and deaths by hanging, throat-slitting, yellow fever and choking on a fishbone. Here and there the author's skill at narrative detail sustains him, as in the chilling account of Selma's wedding day, with the girl standing blankly still as women stream in and out of her bedroom to bathe her, feed her, steam her hair into grotesque curls, drape her in petticoats and satin and prod her gently on her way downstairs. But, as inevitably as wedding night follows day, we are quickly back among the familiar old Dixie Gothics: the balky, frightened bride, the brutal husband, the drunkards and serenading darkies and the neighbors whispering about the peculiar lady who sucks lemons in the attic. We seem to know them all, though we do not clearly hear their voices, only echoes. (We do not hear the crackle of flames over Atlanta either, only the chatter of ladies wrapping bandages on the veranda, the war scarcely begun as the book ends; in what may be an attempt to stave off this aspect of criticism, the author's dates do not precisely parallel *Gone With the Wind*). But who would not recognize a Scarlett, though called Lauretta here: enough of a spitfire to run off with a strolling Shakespearean player who has encouraged her to play Portia; enough of a sexpot to seduce her brother-in-law after a post-performance supper of crab gumbo; shameless enough to turn up at Beulah Land to deliver the child conceived that night; shrewish enough to tell that child 18 years later—but you get the idea. And when recollection fails, we are served a surplus of sex, ranging from the silly (after the young master has seduced the slave Clovis, "How embarrassing it is for Leon when Clovis serves him blancmange!") to the sickening ("Clovis had not been a virgin since she was four years old"). Not that all the sex involves Clovis; there are assorted interludes of father-son sex, gay sex, black and white and half-breed sex, sex that is voluntary, even solitary, generally presented in an astonishing range of combinations and positions.

None of which ought to matter. Trashy books, imitative books, books without heart or character—and *Beulah Land* fits all these categories at one time or another—drift by us in great grey blocs each year. Attention is seldom paid. But this novel has already been sold for $800,000 in paperback rights; the movies are likely to pay a fortune; it is expected to be widely talked about, circulated and read. It has happened before that a truly trivial book becomes, in this sense, an



important one, and no doubt it will happen again. But whenever it happens, it seems worth saying that since what we read and talk about and see on the screen have something to do with who we are, or think we are, or what we have a chance of ever being, then it matters more than I wish it did that Mr. Coleman, though he has written 10 novels before this one, still cannot distinguish between what is make-believe and what is counterfeit.

—**Joan Barthel**

A disturbing and funny last picture show from Truffaut

by Frank Rich

Real life has its points, but even under the best of circumstances it's never going to beat the movies. Film editing can turn tedium into drama, retakes can transform clumsiness into grace and rewrites can change banality into wit. There's even a camera filter that can turn day into night, and it's this cinematic trick, known in Hollywood as *Day for Night* (and in France as *La Nuit Americaine*), that serves as the title of Francois Truffaut's remarkable and complex new comedy.

Day for Night is a movie about movies and the people who make them. Specifically, it tells the story of the cast and crew of a seemingly sorry project called *Meet Pamela* during the seven weeks it is in production at a studio in Nice. Nearly all of *Day for Night* takes place on the set of *Meet Pamela*, where the movie is shot each day, and back at the Hotel Atlantic, where the stars, prop-men, script girls, director and all the rest share bedrooms, in various permutations, each night. From start to finish *Day for Night* is a comedy of errors—the ones that afflict any movie in production as well as those that are the timeless plight of people who insist on falling in and out of love at the least provocation. But it is the special tragedy of Truffaut's protagonists that they don't really understand that the disasters of real life cannot be sent back to the cutting room to be patched over and made right.

Although *Day for Night* is ultimately as disturbing and resonant as the best Truffaut movies (*Stolen Kisses, The Wild Child, Jules and Jim*), it is also suffused with the kind of knockout laughing-out-loud comedy one doesn't normally associate with this director's work. The butt of most of this humor is *Meet Pamela*'s director, Ferrand (played by Truffaut himself). While putting together a picture about a young woman's affair with her father-in-law, Ferrand has to contend with the kind of catastrophes that, by comparison, make those of the all-time fiascos of Hollywood legend, like the Taylor-Burton *Cleopatra*, seem trivial. Nearly everything that can go wrong does, from a supposedly trained cat who refuses to enter a scene on cue to a lab power-failure that ruins a day's rushes. Ferrand is also forced to deal with a compulsively screwy cast, which includes people like Severine (played with world-weary garrulousness by Valentina Cortese), a fading movie queen now relegated to campy, "neglected wife" roles. When she flubs a take, Severine doesn't blame the champagne she guzzles off-screen, but the make-up girl awarded a walk-on as a maid. "In my day," shrieks the star as she ruins Ferrand's shooting schedule, "acting was acting and . . . make-up was make-up!"

As one might expect, Truffaut exploits the making of *Meet Pamela* not only for its broad comic possibilities, but also as a means of dramatizing his life-long passion for movies and their history. Nearly everyone in *Day for Night* is obsessed with the movie business to the exclusion of all else: crew members use spare time to watch a TV quiz show about film trivia, a couple breaks up more or less over a dispute as to whether they will spend a free night at dinner or the movies, and Ferrand himself, as he tosses in bed each night, dreams of neon marquees, his creative dilemmas and a small boy who goes to a movie house after closing hours to steal some billboard stills of *Citizen Kane*.

Leaud plays the star and Truffaut plays the director in *Day for Night*.

More than even a film like *The Bride Wore Black*, in which Truffaut paid homage to Hitchcock, *Day for Night* is studded with the kind of visual and verbal references to other films that seem calculated to drive academic film scholars into ecstasy. Not only does Truffaut evoke just about every movie he himself has made, but he also, as always, alludes to the work of other directors he admires, such as Vigo and Lubitsch and Renoir. Indeed, at times, *Day for Night* seems to be Truffaut's equivalent of Jean Renoir's 1939 classic, *The Rules of the Game*, for, like that film about the death rattles of French aristocracy on the eve of World War II, *Day for Night* imposes a sexual farce over a portrait of an isolated, soon-to-be extinct milieu. As director Ferrand/Truffaut explains in a voice-over narrative at *Day for Night*'s conclusion, *Meet Pamela* is the last of its kind of picture show: the era of movies that depended on studios and stars is dead, and, for better *and* for worse, the rules of the game are changing.

As part of his final salute to the kind of movie-making that relies on magic rather than real-life locations, Truffaut simultaneously demystifies the entire process by revealing all the gimmicks of the trade, from the soapsuds that simulate snow to the stunt men who create the illusion of violent death. But the fake facades and guises of real life are never so easy to expose, and *Day for Night*'s major characters succeed at deceiving themselves and each other over and over again. The British star (Jacqueline Bisset), who plays the role of Pamela, tries to camouflage the nature of a recent illness—which turns out to have been a nervous breakdown. Severine's drinking problem, we gradually learn, derives not from abstract self-pity but from a palpable cause: her child, whom she never mentions, is dying of leukemia. And Severine's co-star (portrayed with generous old-world charm by Jean-Pierre Aumont), a man the fan magazines dub "the continental lover" and with whom she had had an affair in Hollywood 20 years back, eventually, to everyone's apparent surprise, reveals himself to be gay.

The greatest victim of these deceptions is, fittingly enough, Jean-Pierre

Leaud, who, in *Day for Night*, turns up as *Meet Pamela*'s young leading man, Alphonse. Alphonse, who walks around the set repeatedly asking the question "Are women magic?", is taken in by the hocus-pocus of those around him every time; a script-girl with whom he shares his bed actually leads him to believe that she intends to marry him, even as she makes plans to run off with the location photographer instead. But like Antoine Doinel—the Truffaut persona Leaud played in the autobiographical cycle that began with the director's first feature, *The 400 Blows*, and concluded in 1970 with *Bed and Board*— Alphonse cannot stop chasing recklessly and unhappily after women, while all the while wearing the wounds of an unhappy childhood on his sleeve.

What moves *Day for Night* beyond the other Truffaut-Leaud collaborations, though, is the fact that Truffaut himself appears on screen this time around, at long last confronting his alter-ego in full view of the audience and so finally bringing into full relief the exact nature of one of the greatest long-time partnerships in the history of film. Watching Truffaut and Leaud console each other in *Day for Night*, it's hard not to get the eerie sensation that these men have, through time, become mirror images of each other—linked forever by their mutual disappointment at the way life fails to mirror the splendor, not to mention the genius, of their art.

There are few stories more durable than that of the settling of the New World by the oppressed peoples of Europe. In *The New Land*, Jan Troell's sequel to last year's *Emigrants*, that gorgeous blond-and-blue-eyed couple from Sweden—Karl Oskar (Max von Sydow) and Kristina (Liv Ullmann)—retrace this familiar piece of history once more. For nearly three hours they cut down trees, raise kids, worry about Indians, watch the seasons pass and suffer—which was about all there was to do in the Minnesota Territory of 1850.

As a director Troell is without question a fine storyteller, but the problem with *The New Land*, as with *The Emigrants*, is that the particular subjects of his saga seem to be among the most uninteresting of this country's homesteaders. Sure, these Swedes are good folks and all that—but they are also humorless and bland, the kind of stock whose descendants would later turn the USA into a land of look-alike fast-food joints with one credit card for all. *The Emigrants* was an Aryan replay of *Fiddler on the Roof* minus the jokes and dancing; *The New Land* is a snowy *Oklahoma!*, where, unfortunately, there ain't a single girl who cain't say no.

Nonetheless *The New Land* remains compulsively watchable—a phenomenon that can be attributed to the immense ambiguity of von Sydow's performance and the way Troell has whipped his pretty color pictures into a highly visceral, often driving narrative. And it's hard to deny the power of many sequences—particularly a long, largely silent one in which Karl Oskar's brother Robert (Eddie Axberg) endures desert thirst, dehumanizing steamboat labor, Yellow Fever panics and mangy whores on his way west to the California gold rush.

Troell also calls attention to the greater tides of history, in the form of events like the Sioux Rebellion and the Civil War, but he does so in the most obligatory and facile of ways. He's just not equipped to deal with the real frontier issues of slavery, violence and exploitation, and to compare *The New Land* to a film like Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller* is to see what a great difference there is between passing on legends and coming to terms with them. ●

Max von Sydow comforts Liv Ullmann in *The New Land*, Jan Troell's sequel to *The Emigrants*.

MUSIC

Rock on late-night TV: the Stones return; Alice Cooper and J. Geils clean up their acts.

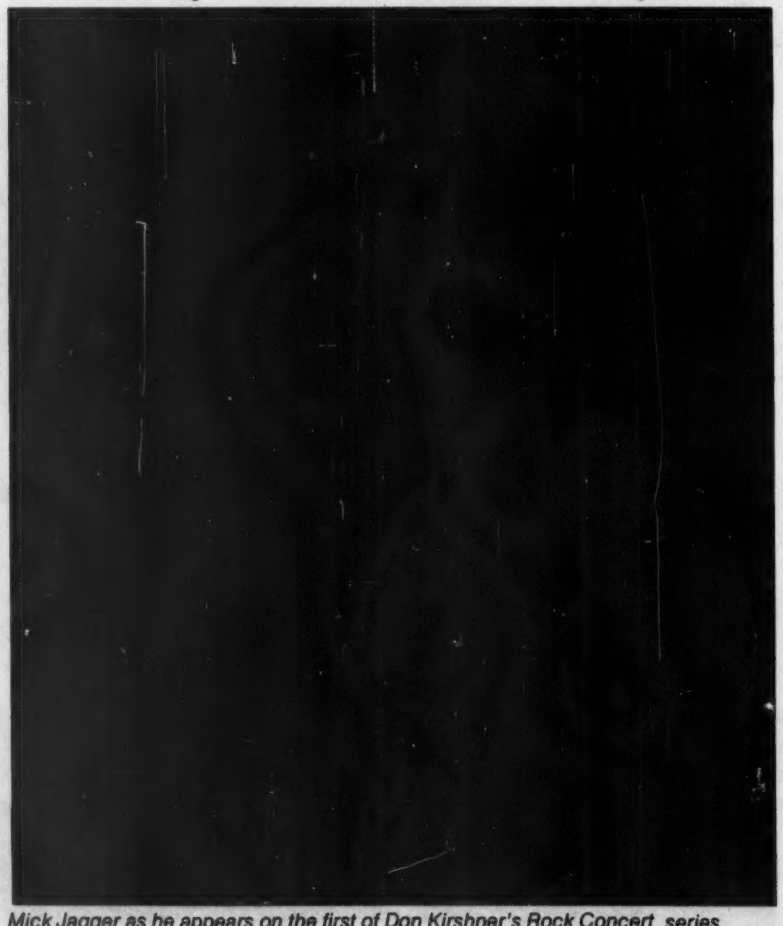
by Janet Maslin

"I don't know how familiar you are with any of this, but of course I've been at it for quite some time now," said a breathless Don Kirshner, fully ten seconds into our first conversation. "I signed and discovered the young Carole King, Neil Sedaka, Bobby Darin; I also found Neil Diamond and a fella named David Gates, you probably know him as the leader of Bread. I put together the Monkees and the Archies, and then I published 'Sugar, Sugar,' which was probably the biggest single of the last decade. I've sold a total of over 200 million records, as either publisher or record producer or record company head. I had the Black Concept ahead of Berry Gordy, maybe you remember Little Eva and 'The Locomotion'? But basically, I think the most gratifying thing of all has been this first year in TV production. There've been a whole lot of other experiences I don't wanna minimize, but when you stand up against Cavett, even beat out Carson some nights, become a pioneer and a trendsetter and then land the Stones—well!" And then Don Kirshner ran out of air.

Don Kirshner's friends tend to forgive him his immodesty, because he's a likeable guy with more than enough to be proud of. Over the past few days, his second rock TV series in a year made its debut, with the opening show headlined by the Rolling Stones, who haven't been coaxed onto American television by anyone since Ed Sullivan. Kirshner says he is happy about the series because it's the first late-night rock show to try out a syndicated format, and he likes to think of that as "pioneering a new marketplace." But he's even happier about finally getting his name right out there where everybody can see it. "The show's called Don Kirshner's Rock Concert," he says with pride, "and even though most of the time I'm the man behind the scenes—look, what can I tellya? I guess everybody has some kind of ego."

The new series, which has already been sold to 105 local stations, will be poaching on territory already staked out by ABC's bi-weekly In Concert (usually every other Friday night, 11:30-one a.m.) and NBC's weekly The Midnight Special (Friday, one-2:30 a.m.). Like In Concert, which Kirshner started for ABC, it will presumably appeal to a slightly younger crowd than the Special. Like The Lawrence Welk Show, it will be aired in various different time slots around the country, and will be more heavily promoted by local stations than it might be by a network; that, according to Kirshner, is the prime advantage of syndication.

The late-night rock boom began when Dick Cavett's faltering ratings set ABC to thinking about possible part-time replacements. An executive of the network called up Kirshner—who had once been music supervisor for TV shows like Hazel, Gidget, and The Wackiest Ship In The Army—and asked him "whether or not I thought rock could make it" and, perhaps even more important, "whether or not I could bring the acts in for scale." Kirshner headed straight for Alice



Mick Jagger as he appears on the first of Don Kirshner's Rock Concert series. The last time the Rolling Stones were on TV was with Ed Sullivan.

Cooper, bringing Alice around with eloquent arguments about the pioneer spirit, plus an equally cogent economic point: even if Alice had to work cheap this one time, passing up "the ten, 15, 20 grand he could get from Dean Martin," he might add 100,000 units to his record sales just by being exposed to millions of new viewers. So, in November, 1972, Alice headlined the first episode of In Concert, and Don was in business. "The acts understand me," he says, "because I talk their language."

Mick Jagger happened to catch the Alice Cooper set, was impressed with the whole TV-radio simulcast concept, and decided the Stones should try it themselves. But instead of working through an existing show, the Stones designed and produced their own elaborate TV segment, complete with multiple costume changes, fancy stagings, eccentric lighting and green smoke. The resultant tape was a classy, imaginative departure from the standard TV-rock format—and, because the established shows operate as rigidly as they do, it was surprisingly hard to sell.

Burt Sugarman, The Midnight Special's producer, who claims to "really dig music," although he isn't partial to any particular style (he also does Johnny Mann's Stand Up And Cheer), says that *he* didn't want the Stones' segment because it was pre-taped. "All we'd have to do is let one act hand us a tape and pretty soon 90 percent of them would be telling us 'I haven't got time, here's my film clip.'" Another reason Sugarman didn't want it was the Stones' asking price, reportedly a whole lot more than scale. But he does think the Stones are "a great group—and if they ever want to appear *live*, well . . ." As for In Concert, ABC agreed to look at the tape, but official network procedure required the Stones to hand it over three days in advance of the screening. "I don't know if they thought we were stupid, or what," says a man at Atlantic, the company that records the Stones, "but we weren't gonna let that thing out of our *sight*, and certainly not for three days."

By then, Kirshner was looking beyond In Concert, and he got the Stones for his own new syndicated show. "There are a lot of things about Kirshner that simply don't exist in other people," observes a spokesman for the Stones. "It's a matter of attitude, really. Kirshner really knocks himself out." Indeed, after taping the first four segments of In Concert, Kirshner collapsed and spent the next two months booking the show from a hospital room while he recovered from a ruptured disc. "I told ABC I'd break my back to get the ratings," he says, "and I wasn't fooling around."

When the Stones did 'Lets Spend The Night Together' on their last Sullivan show, they couldn't even get away with mixing down the singing and mixing up audience screams every time a risqué lyric came along (the bastardized CBS version came out as 'Let's Spend Some Time Together'). Seven years later, and the pioneer spirit notwithstanding, rock on television still has its problems. According to one musician, the same camera crew that handles sports events for ABC also shoots In Concert, and that's why the camerawork sometimes falls way behind directorial cues; the crews still can't differentiate between bass and lead guitars as reflexively as they can track a hockey puck. And there are those same old censorship snags to be contended with; last year, the Alice Cooper set was cut down because it lingered too lovingly on offensive props (gallows, a snake), Chuck Berry lost some of his lyrics on 'My Ding-a-Ling,' and then J. Geils Band was entirely prohibited from performing their then-current single, 'Give It To Me,' because of lyrics about giving it up and getting it up. "We tried to convince 'em the whole song was about paying back a debt, but they just wouldn't buy it," says guitarist J. Geils.

There are aesthetic problems too, and each format has its own particular pitfalls. In Concert spotlights each performer for upwards of 15 minutes at a clip, and not every act can stay interesting that long; the Bee Gees, for instance, can be reason enough to go make a club sandwich or call up a long-lost relative. The Special's emphasis on dizzying variety brings about classic mismatches now and then; on the night Joan Baez hosted the show, barefoot and demure, she had to make a polite introduction for the screaming travesty that is Black Oak Arkansas. Also, the Special uses many more acts per show than either of the others do, a situation that forces it into occasional amusing excursions down to the bottom of the barrel. Last summer, for instance, the entire show was devoted to moth-eaten Beatles' imitators of the Mersey Beat period.

Kirshner's new show will compete more with his own In Concert (he is still nominally Executive Producer of that show) than with the Special. Producer Sugarman plans on booking more and more black hosts for the Special (the ratings go way up whenever he does) and on continuing to seek an older audience than Kirshner does. The age difference is borne out by both the ratings and the respective producers' fantasies. Sugarman says his dream guests would be Neil Diamond and Barbra Streisand. Kirshner's dream guests are Rod Stewart and Cat Stevens, and he is working at getting them. And now that he no longer has to worry about satisfying a network (ABC had a penchant for meddling even though the meddlers could confuse the Allman and Osmond Brothers, and toss off questions like "Who's Al Green?"), Kirshner is plotting out his future in terms of "events." One spectacle he has his eye on is "Alice Cooper for Halloween, in a haunted house or something. And," he adds earnestly, "if I could just put the Beatles back together—well, that would be an event, too."

Well, yes. And other potential events might be reuniting the Monkees, finally bringing the mysterious Archies out into the light of day, or even helping the Osmonds produce, write and stage their first rock opera. Considering the correlation between what Kirshner contemplates and what he gets done, it's a good thing none of these particular possibilities has occurred to him. ●

Producer Don Kirshner in the control room of his new concert show—which will go head to head with the top-rated In Concert series he did for ABC last year.

FINAL TRIBUTE

A salute to Babe Ruth's home-run record. And to the records he set by night

By Roger Kahn

Numbers create a racket in my brain. They make me think of base systems taught in a wretched math class where I once found myself condemned; of a grunting gauleiter from the Internal Revenue Service and his vitiating three-year audit; of alimony payments, precisely $833.33, mailed in snow or rain or heat or gloom of night.

Except, that is, for certain numbers. Forty-two on Jackie Robinson's broad back, marking the most glorious athlete I have known. Fifty-two, hypnotic and faintly ominous, the age at which my father (and Shakespeare) died. Twenty-four, which clicked at roulette in Havana one bright night and bought me a poignant lady who hailed the dawn by proposing marriage. Finally, there are three numbers, a magic trinity, that bound the sporting dreams of youth.

Four minutes. Could anyone ever run a mile that fast? Boyhood burned with that question, and then in the damp spring of 1954, Roger Bannister broke four minutes, fainting as he did. After that, magic fled from the mile. I no longer know what the record is, or care.

Sixty home runs. Babe Ruth's perfect summer of '27, unequalled until the chaotic days of 1961 when Roger Maris hit 61. The record died and Maris the ballplayer perished with his effort.

Seven fourteen. The sum and total of Mister Ruth. All the home runs hit by the most exciting of home run hitters. The measure of Babe Ruth's strength and sinew. His epitaph.

Babe Ruth played major-league baseball from 1914, the year of Sarajevo, until 1935, when we were learning how not to fear fear itself. His special time was the 1920s. His special team was the New York Yankees.

In his time and with his team, he dominated baseball as no other man. Beyond that he was open, loud, lusty, coarse, and if there was a follies girl he left unturned, I cannot find her. His teammates remember to this day. They are old men now, Jumpin' Joe Dugan, Bob Shawkey and Waite Hoyt; the heyday of their blood is past. But they remember and when they talk about The Babe, the old eyes flicker with recollection of what Spencer Tracy called "the old heimerdeimer days."

Barrels of bootleg beer stacked in the tub. Bootleg booze sitting on the mantle. Paul Whiteman swing on the Victrola. A swirl of skirts, a glory of thighs.

Baseball in the 1920s was an afternoon game, and as Ruth ruled diamonds by day, so he was the monarch of the night. Someone remembers an exhibition tour which brought Ruth to Seattle. There one of his acquaintances found girls. Night became morning. Ruth drank and loved. He moved from beer to beer and girl to girl. At the ballpark his eyes were bloody sunsets.

"It ain't on his plaque in the Hall of Fame," my ancient informant says, "but that may be his greatest record. Laying three broads and hitting three homers—that's right he hit three—all in a single day, if you figure the day began at 12:01 a.m. And that's how the Babe figured it."

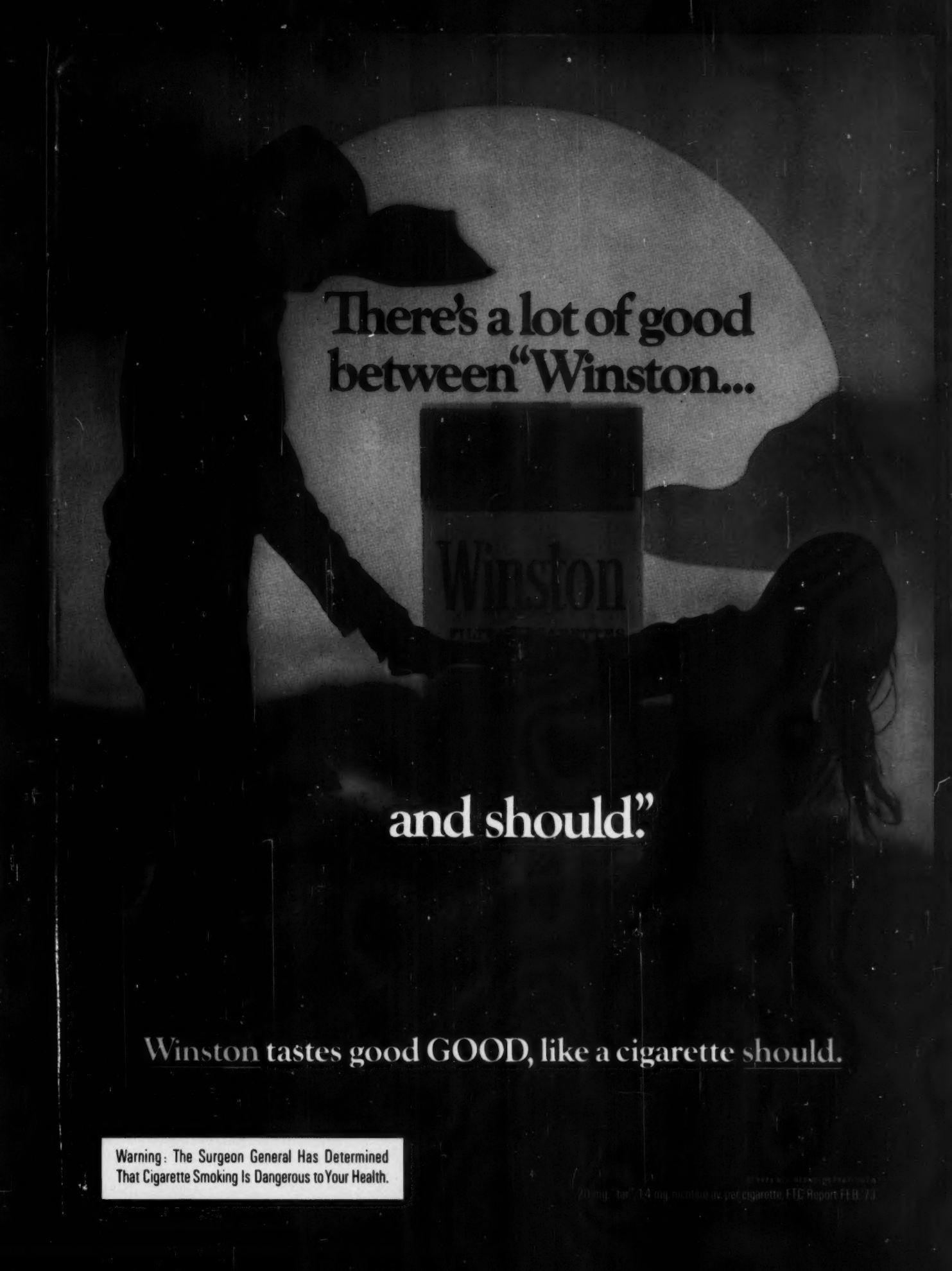
The '30s brought sorrow. Ruth, like his women, grew older. Quickness deserted his swing. The kick went out of the booze. The Yankees traded him to Boston, treating an American institution as though he were a used car. After that, in Caitlin Thomas' phrase, there was only a leftover life to kill. Late in the '40s, disease raked Ruth's body. The bellow of his voice shrank to a croak. The great frame withered. In 1948 when he died, Ruth weighed less than 100 pounds. He was 53.

In the back room of the Artist and Writers Restaurant in Manhattan, a huge photograph still hangs. Yankee Stadium is filled. Players line the field. Using a bat as a cane, Ruth is saying farewell.

Again there is a number, the three now suddenly too large on Ruth's back. Nat Fein, who took the picture, calls it "Three is Out."

Number or not, I'm going to taxi there when Henry Aaron passes 714 and salute the last record with good Scotch whisky. It is a small ceremony, but important. I like to think the Babe would have approved.

Roger Kahn, author of The Boys of Summer *and the new book,* How the Weather Was, *writes a sports column for Esquire.*


There's a lot of good
between "Winston...
Winston
and should."
Winston tastes good GOOD, like a cigarette should.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

The Seven 'n Cider.

"You tired?"
"Just a little."
"Want to stop?"
"Okay."
"There. That's a nice spot. By the big pile of leaves."

So while she unpacked an autumn kind of picnic, he put together an autumn kind of drink.

In went a jigger of Seagram's 7 Crown, over a healthy handful of ice. Then, fresh apple cider, right up to the top.

Garnished with a thin slice of apple, and that was that.

"Hey, your egg salad is really great."
"Your Seven 'n Cider is terrific too!"
"I'm glad we stopped."
"So am I."

Seagram's 7 Crown. It's America's whiskey.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 83 PROOF.

The Seven 'n Cider. 1½ ounces Seagram's 7 Crown. 6 ounces fresh, sweet apple cider. Stir over ice.